Rob. Shuttleworth Esq
with the best wishes of
N. B. Ward

NOTES

ON

IRISH NATURAL HISTORY,

MORE ESPECIALLY FERNS.

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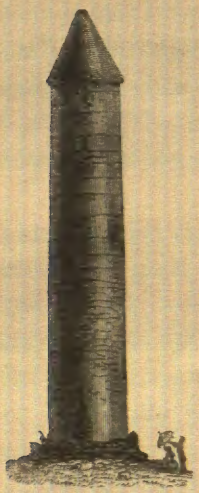
BY

EDWARD NEWMAN.



ERIN GO BRAGH!

Mo. Bot. Garden,
1897.

LONDON:

JOHN VAN VOORST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCCC.XL.

C. LUXFORD & Co PRINTERS
RAYCLIFF 65 HIGHW

TO N. B. WARD, Esq.

My dear Sir,

Although my memoranda of the Irish localities of Ferns, were made with a view to publication in a little book which has since made its appearance; yet were they strung together and intermixed with other matters of daily and hourly observation, for the express purpose of being transmitted to your hands, in consequence of the interest you had so frequently and so kindly expressed on the subject of my wanderings.

Every one who has rambled over a country like Ireland, reaching an inn — if by good fortune he found one — late at night, tired, usually wet, always hungry, and seldom alone, knows that however agreeable it may appear *theoretically*, to converse on such occasions with distant friends, yet *practically* it is a somewhat more serious affair: and so it happened, that with the most steadfast resolution imaginable of regularly transmitting you these '*Notes*' through Her Majesty's post-office, one or two lame epistles were all that I ever addressed to you.

Almost immediately on my return to London, meeting with Mr. Charlesworth, the editor of the 'Maga-

zine of Natural History,' and forgetful, at the moment, that they were nearly as much your property as my own, I placed these crude memoranda in his hands, and he has done me the honour to insert them in his widely-circulated journal.

I have now ventured to reprint them in a connected form, with sundry and divers additions and alterations, or, as second editions usually have it, *revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged:* not that I anticipate any large share of public patronage to a trifle of so ephemeral, and I may add, of so egotistical a nature; but that I may have the pleasure of handing them to yourself and to a few other botanical friends to whom I ought to have written.

Be pleased, then, to receive these few pages, as the only return I can offer for the kind interest you have expressed in the pilgrimage they commemorate, and believe,

My dear Sir,

that I am

Most faithfully your's,

EDWARD NEWMAN.

45, Wellclose Square,
April 8, 1840.

NOTES, &c.

CHAP. I.

Counties Antrim, Donegal, Mayo and Galway.

THE most trivial notes on any branch of Natural History are always so acceptable to myself, that I am perhaps too confident in supposing that my own careless memoranda may be pleasing to others. On the 28th of last June I landed at Newry, and, with knapsack on back, marched off in a northerly direction, to see with my own eyes a country of which Englishmen in general know something less than of Kamkatcha or South Australia. From Belfast to Fairhead I coasted the county of Antrim, with the exception of a few miles; and although I found nothing particularly striking, yet the fine sea-views, commanding the coast of Scotland, the Isles of Arran, Bute, Jura, Islay, &c., and the singular Ailsa Craig, amply repay the pedestrian for his time. Fairhead is really grand; the basalt is irregularly columnar, quite perpendicular, and of great height: during the lapse of ages it seems gradually to have given way, vast disrupted masses being crowded and jammed together below the cliff, in wild and wonderful confusion. The height of the cliff is about 650 feet above the sea; of this, a portion measuring perhaps 300 feet, is perfectly perpendicular, the remainder is a mass of fragments decreasing in height till it reaches the sea.

On this cliff I first saw the red-legged crow, and watched it feeding its young in the fissures of the inaccessible precipice: compared with our crow, rook, or jackdaw, it is a graceful bird; its flight is easy and elegant, and its gait, when perched, very pleasing. The hooded crow and raven are also abundant here, and the latter wonderfully familiar. Ferns were abundant; *Asplenium marinum* occurs in profusion, and grows to a large size, but the fronds of the present year were very immature, and those of last season beginning to decay. In the basaltic cliff is a remarkable fissure, across

which a mass has fallen and forms a natural bridge; through this fissure is a foot-way called the 'Grey Man's Path,' leading under the bridge to the top of the cliff; this path is literally "strewed with flowers," and among them the beautiful *Papaver Cambricum* was very conspicuous and abundant.

The singular little island of Carrick-a-Rede, its flexible bridge of ropes, and the neighbouring sea-caves roofed with *Asplenium marinum*, are well worth a visit; and so is the Giant's Causeway a few miles to the westward, for of a surety it is most curious, but when the terms "stupendous," "gigantic," "sublime," &c. are given to this curiosity, they are certainly misapplied. When the guides first tell him "*that* is the Causeway," and point to a low, brown, tame-looking, sea-beach, the most phlegmatic man in the world must inevitably feel disappointed; but as he walks onwards and finds that he is treading on the tops of basaltic pillars, of various but regular figures, triangles, squares, pentagons, hexagons, and heptagons, he cannot but be struck with the *curiosity* of the affair. Compared with Staffa, the Giant's Causeway is so insignificant that I am persuaded that were it on the beach of that magnificent basaltic island, it would never have been noticed up to the present hour. The guides here are a great and insuperable annoyance, and their name is Legion; they are of no use whatever, and by what title they hold the right of worrying strangers I am quite at a loss to ascertain.

Donegal is a fine county for the naturalist; here are vast and unbroken tracts of mountains, and here man, that is, civilized man, has rarely set his foot. The bog is covered with the common ling (*Calluna vulgaris*), and a variety of *Carices* and coarse grasses; a few scattered sheep, and an occasional flock of twenty or thirty white goats, may here and there be seen wandering over the boggy waste. You scarcely ever see a tree, although the bog contains the remains of the trees of former ages. The abundant and almost universal occurrence of the remains of vast timber-trees in the wastes of Scotland and Ireland, where trees are now almost as rare as churches, and where indeed they can scarcely be coaxed to grow at all, has never yet been satisfactorily explained. A favourite theory on this subject is, that in time of war the forests were cleared, lest they should form a shelter in cases of pursuit: a second theory is, that copper and lead ore were conveyed from Cornwall and Wales to the coast of Ireland, in order to be smelted, and that whole forests were levelled for the supply of fuel. The fragments of trees remaining ap-

pear to be preserved by the bog, and to have suffered little or nothing from the action of moisture. The recent timber must not be confounded with the trunks often found still lower in the bog, and which are fairly entitled to rank as bog fossils, being evidently coeval with the bones of the extinct Irish elks and cattle. The more recent timber is mostly oak and Scotch fir. The latter is called bog-deal, and is a very favourite article of fuel, blazing, when dried, with great brilliancy.

The north-western extremity of the county Donegal is wild, grand, and mountainous; the summits are very lofty, white, and perfectly without vegetation. Having selected Arrigal as the highest peak, I made the ascent, which is by no means difficult, a good road having been cut along its shoulder, and passing within a thousand perpendicular feet of its summit. The summit is a sharp crescent-shaped ridge; the descent on the inside of the crescent is very precipitous and remarkably barren: the form of the mountain is what is usually termed volcanic, and deep within the vast excavation which may be regarded as analogous to a crater, is a still lake. The view is very fine; the lakes, mountain-peaks, sea-bays and islands being almost innumerable. The base of the mountains of this district is boggy and very rough, higher up is a belt of heath, and above this is the region of bare stone.

After sleeping in a hut at the foot of Arrigal I turned southward, crossing the Glendoan mountains, and so reached Docharty bridge. The Glendoan chain is of less height, and the summits more rounded: you may often walk forty or fifty yards on an unbroken slab of stone, perfectly bare, and bleached by the action of wind and rain. On reaching the lower country about Docharty Bridge, *Osmunda regalis* appears in profusion, sometimes fringing the margin of the streams like a continuous hedge, sometimes rising from the bog in large isolated bushes. I could not but contrast the fern productions of this wild county with those of Argyleshire and Caernarvonshire, which in their desolate mountainous character are somewhat similar. *Cryptogramma crispa* is nowhere to be seen; of *Polypodium Phegopteris* and *Dryopteris* I did not find a single frond; and of *Lastræa Oreopteris*, the most common fern of the Scotch and Welch mountains, I saw a tolerable sprinkling near Milroy Bay, and one single plant at Docharty Bridge; in the mountain tract between these localities it does not once occur. In the mountain lakes *Isoetes* is not uncommon. *Athyrium filix-fœmina* is ubiquitous; *Lastræa filix-mas* comparativelyrare: *Las.*

dilatata is common, and of three distinct types of form;—the first elongate, broad, drooping, and nearly flat; the second short, rigid, erect, brownish green, and convex; the third short, less rigid and erect, bright pale green, and concave, not simply as a frond, but every *pinna* and pinnule also concave. The second form I believe to be *Aspidium dumetorum* of our herbaria; the third is the *Asp. dumetorum* of Smith and Mackay, the *Asp. dilatatum* var. *concavum* of Babington, the *Asp. dilatatum recurvum* of Bree, and the *Asp. spinulosum* of the Botanic Garden at Belfast, &c. This form is far more distinct and constant than any other with which I am acquainted.

On the ruins of Castle O'Donnel I found a number of the commoner ferns, and among them a few fronds of *Scolopendrium vulgare*. On the banks of Lough Derg, *Osmunda regalis* again made its appearance in abundance. It was late in the evening when I reached this celebrated lake, and crossed to its wonder-working island, on which hundreds of invalids, and cripples, and sinners, were patiently awaiting miraculous cures for body and mind. This little island is built to the water's edge, and a solitary sycamore is the only tree it nourishes. I passed through Pettigoe, along the east side of Loch Erne, and between the upper and lower lough to Inniskillin and Manorhamilton. In approaching Sligo the country assumed a different appearance to any I had before seen; the hills had rounded summits and rocky precipitous sides. The number and variety of ferns here greatly increased; *Cystopteris fragilis* was most abundant and polymorphous, as it ever is when once established in a congenial habitat.—*Scolopendrium vulgare* hung its bright green streamers from the rocks, and filled the hedge-rows, for near Sligo there *are* hedge-rows. *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Ruta-muraria*, and *Trichomanes* were everywhere abundant, more particularly on the stone walls.

At Ballisodare is a very fine rapid of the Owenbeg. This stream is of respectable width, and roars, foams, and dashes along over a slaty-looking bottom in fine style: the rapid is, properly speaking, a succession of falls; the bed of the river seems to be broken into a series of unequal steps, ceasing only when its waters mingle with those of the Atlantic. I was told that great numbers of salmon annually amuse themselves by leaping at these falls, and that some surmount them all; the majority however find the labour too severe, and are carried back to the sea, or captured, bruised and exhausted, on

the shelves of rock. From Ballisodare to Ballina the road is over a dreary bog, and without interest; thence to Crossmolina its character is the same, but here I left the usual track, and, rounding the base of the huge Nephin, found a way to Newport. Below Nephin is a finely-wooded bog; there appeared to be nothing like cultivation, and the wood seems quite a natural one. Newport is a miserable place; the traveller will find no rest there. It is the only town I had ever entered in which I could find no inn, but here there is none at all; some twenty or thirty filthy spirit-shops, but nothing like an inn.

The next morning there was a wind blowing against which it was all but impossible to stand; it blew clouds of spray off the surface of the river: however I was early on my way, skirting Clew Bay, and gazing on its innumerable islands.—I would fain have gathered some information about these beautiful spots of verdure; but alas! everything here is to be received with hesitation. The number of islands is variously stated by almost every one you meet, but the favourite number is three hundred and sixty-five—one for every day in the year, a number corresponding precisely with the lakes of Glengariff. Of these islands one hundred and seventy are well cultivated and inhabited. Looking over this wilderness of isles, Croagh Patrick fills up the horizon, its summit hidden in the clouds. On the banks of Clew Bay I found *Erica Mediterranea* in the greatest abundance; I first saw it close to the road, after passing the little village of Molyrhany,—a cluster of some dozen or eighteen cabins, and from this spot as you enter Coraan Achill it is scattered in profusion over hundreds of acres: I speak of the heath known at present by our botanists as *Erica Mediterranea*, but I have heard many doubts expressed as to the propriety of this name, and from what I could gather I am inclined to believe that this heath will turn out an undescribed species. In walking among this heath I found it, on the average, up to my shoulders in height, some rather higher, and a good deal much lower. I was particularly struck with the great similarity of its foliage to that of the common juniper. Below the heath the bog was thickly sprinkled with *Pinguicula Lusitanica*.

At Achill Sound there is an inn lately erected, and here a ferry-boat takes you across to the island of Achill. The sea was very rough, the raft had broken adrift with the violence of the waves, and the people said it was "too severe" to attempt the passage. However, there appeared nothing worth

waiting for, so, after talking a good bit, the raft was obtained, but directly I was on board a wave gave it a cant, and I unfortunately lost my centre of gravity, fell against a seat, and in an instant lay sprawling on the bottom, having scarified one shin in performing the summerset. The wound,—the work of an instant,—was a constant walking-companion the rest of my journey, and a considerable drawback to its pleasure. At night I reached "the Settlement," an establishment for the purpose of inducing the natives to renounce the doctrines of the Church of Rome for those of the Church of England.

The island of Achill is more like a foreign land than any I have visited; the natives reside in huts, which a good deal resemble those of the Esquimaux Indians; they are without chimneys or windows, and the roof seems continuous with the walls: the interior is generally undivided, and is tenanted by men, women, children, pigs and poultry, and often goats and cows. These little cabins or huts are built in what may be called loose clusters, varying from twenty to eighty in a cluster; these clusters or villages are sixteen in number, some of them are summer residences only, and are entirely deserted in the winter;—others winter residences only, and deserted in the summer. The island of Achill is very mountainous: it rises principally towards the west, where it attains a great elevation, and then falls perpendicularly to the sea: it seems like a remote corner of some vast continent, which has sunk for ever beneath the waves: its soil, like that of the greater part of the west of Ireland, is bog, or, as it is termed, turf, and this is covered with heath and *Carex*, intermixed here and there with a fine velvety turf. The inhabitants possess a good number of cows, sheep, and goats; the latter are almost invariably white, and ramble the mountains in large flocks. The heaths are *Calluna vulgaris*, *Erica cinerea* and *Tetralix*, of all which I found beautiful white varieties. *Sedum anglicum* occurs in great abundance on the rocks, and *Anagallis tenella* forms, in many places, a pink turf, so profusely does it flower.

In birds the island appears to be poor; it is doubtless visited by a variety of sea birds, but I saw nothing but gulls and terns. Eagles are very abundant, particularly (perhaps exclusively) *Aquila albicilla*: and of hawks I saw several species. The red-legged crow breeds in the cliffs; and I found a colony of this bird in a look-out station, built when our government was afflicted with the Napoleonphobia, but

now a mass of ruins: these birds did not seem abundant.—Curlews appeared to be breeding here; their whistle was incessant, and the old ones would constantly rise before me, and counterfeit inability to fly, as if desirous of enticing me away from their nests or young. Foxes are most abundant. I heard of one man who had trapped no less than sixty during the past winter.

The first morning after my arrival in Achill, I walked over the cliffs at Cim to Achill-head. The cliffs at Cim are said to be more than 1000 feet in perpendicular height; Achill-head, the extreme western point, is much lower, I should fancy less than 500 feet: but turning thence northward, I reached the summit of Slieve Croaghan, a height more than double that of Cim, and sliced down perpendicularly to the Atlantic. I imagine this cliff has never been measured; it was variously stated to me at 2000, 2300, and 2600 feet: I am not competent to form an accurate opinion of its height, but as I lay quietly looking over it, I could not hear the huge waves of the Atlantic, as they broke in foam along its base. This might arise in part from the roaring sound of the wind among the rocks around me, or even from the wind sweeping away the sound of the waves in some other direction; but it gave an idea of vast depth that I never before realized. From this point I coasted the north of the island, and found near the margin of the cliff a beautiful little fresh-water lake, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. I should think its surface was 600 feet above the sea, and its distance from the edge of the cliff scarcely 300. I doubt whether any Englishman but myself has ever seen this lone and beautiful sheet of water; its singularly round form, the depth of the basin in which it reposes, the precipitous sides of that basin, its height above the sea,—all these are characters of no ordinary interest. As it was not yet evening, and the weather very fine, I ascended Slieve Mor on my way to the Settlement, an operation of an hour and a half, in order to see the sun set in the ocean from that elevated point. It was a glorious sight, but when he was gone night came on almost immediately, and I had to find my way to the Settlement after nightfall, in a country to which I was an utter stranger, where there was no track, and no tree, house, or any other object to mark the way. It was a dreary walk, the mountain side being most unpleasantly varied between bog and stone; sometimes I sunk up to my knees in the former, sometimes tumbled over rugged masses of the latter. The cry of the red grouse, the shrill whistle of the

curlew, and the piping of sandpipers, which here ascend the highest mountains, sounded preternaturally distinct amid the intense and almost painful silence of the night.

The next day I walked along the top of the cliff southward; this height is called Menaan; it is the favourite resort of eagles, hawks, gulls, and red-legged crows. Although magnificent in comparison with any cliffs I have seen in England,—and although the natives collecting sea-wrack on the sands below were visible only as specks, the nature of which I could not have determined with the naked eye;—yet Menaan compared with the stupendous Croaghan, sinks into insignificance. The summit of this cliff is thickly covered with plants, and I doubt not would amply reward the botanist who would carefully explore it. The plants, dwarfish though they be, are not sufficiently humble to escape the power of the Atlantic breezes. There is an extent of miles covered with a dense net-work of vegetation, every twig of which leans away from the ocean; this network or mat springs beneath the feet with great elasticity: it is principally composed of *Salix herbacea*, *Salix repens*, *Arbutus Uva-ursi*, *Juniperus nanus*, *Calluna vulgaris*, *Erica cinerea*, and a variety of *Carices*. Descending from these heights I visited a farm in the bosom of the mountains; it is the only one of any extent in the island, and is occupied by a Mr. Long. I notice this farm as bearing on the extreme productiveness of the soil of Achill; it had abundant crops of oats and potatoes, the former so heavy that the only fear respecting them was that they would be laid by the sea breezes. The soil will produce oats and wheat, year after year, without manure, but wheat is not a desirable crop on account of the want of a good market. Mr. Long's garden contained cabbages, savoys, sea-cale, broad beans, peas, early potatoes, carrots, parsnips, lettuces, onions and turnips, all of them kept free from weeds, and in a state of vigour and luxuriance that would not be despised by the London market-gardeners. The farm consists of 600 acres. From this farm to the village of Dukinelly the land is well cultivated, although divided into infinitely small patches. The entire island is the nominal property of the Marquis of Sligo, but let for ever to Sir Richard O'Donnel, who, when the land is reclaimed and producing crops, obtains the enormous rent of one shilling per Irish acre from his tenantry.

The natives of Achill are charged with being thieves and murderers; and if I were to place full reliance on all I heard at the Settlement, they would appear to be so. Mr. Long,

however, with everything constantly exposed,—walls and hedges being here unknown, and living amongst a population from whom he has no power at all to defend himself, has never lost even a potato. I allude not to this subject politically; but bearing in mind solely the natural history of the island and its capability of improvement, I pronounce without hesitation, that if goodness of soil, lowness of rent, cheapness of labour and safety of property be recommendations,—then that no spot I have ever seen is more likely to reward the emigrant than the island of Achill. Would that some unpolitical philanthropsts,—men who took a human view of the human wants and human failings of these poor islanders,—would settle among them, and place in their hands the plough and the spade, teach the children to read and write, the boys to make shoes and coats, to fish, and to dig, and rake, and sow, and reap, and build houses, and the girls to knit, and spin, and make gowns,—and use them like brothers, sisters, and children. I would particularly recommend this subject to the consideration of the many wealthy Irish landlords who profess the same faith as these poor islanders.

At Mr. Long's, on the banks thrown up to divide the fields, and in land not yet fully reclaimed, I observed *Osmunda regalis* in most luxuriant bushes; he complained of it as a weed that gave much trouble. *Lastræa dilatata* was equally common.

Coasting the island as nearly as I could accomplish it from Dukinelly, I at length reached Achill Sound, and then crossed to the inn on the other side. Near this place I observed a great quantity of heath; some of the *Erica cinerea* being beautifully white. I also gathered what at the time appeared to me an unusual variety of *Erica Tetralix*, the leaves being shorter, broader, and very white beneath; I afterwards learned that this is the *Erica Mackaiana*. I am too shallow a botanist to offer any opinion as to its being specifically distinct, particularly as it is stamped with the weighty authority of Sir W. J. Hooker.

Returning over Coraan Achill to Newport, I bent my course southward to Westport, and thence to the little place called Leenane, at the head of the Killery. The scenery here is wild and picturesque; the rocks are covered with *Saxifraga umbrosa;* I use the name in ignorance, not knowing the genera and species into which that plant has been divided: I had better say "London Pride," for we cockneys, who cultivate the plant in our sooty gardens, generally combine the species under this one familiar term. It is very delightful to see this

plant in its native wilds, adorning the rugged rocks with its elegant panicle of flowers; in such situations it seems to possess an interest which we never attach to it in a state of cultivation.

Immediately on starting from the little inn at Leenane, or "Jack Joyce's" as it is usually termed, I found the first specimen I had seen of the Irish heath,—*Menziesia polifolia*: up to that moment I was unacquainted with the plant, and its appearance was as pleasing as it was unexpected. The scenery here is fine; the Killery, a little creek or arm of the sea, runs up to Leenane between two picturesque chains of hills, and travellers usually hire a boat and disport themselves on the water, in order to obtain a better view of these hills. An excellent road has lately been made from Leenane to Clifden, but the day being very fine, I prolonged the journey by turning off to the left, among the hills, and was repaid by some very pretty scenery. Behind me, or rather, to my left, rose that singular group of hills called the Twelve Pins, and before me, through occasional openings, I frequently saw the sea. There is but little cultivation in these parts; the bog appears rich, and capable of producing good crops; the heaths are luxuriant beyond anything I had ever seen; the day was very warm and the walking good, the bog being firm and elastic, and in the best possible state for progression. It was evening when I reached the little inn at Clifden.

The next morning I arrived at Roundstone, a place with which a naturalist must be pleased. On approaching it, an enormous seal (*Halichærus Gryphus*), apparently 8 or 9 feet long, and of a light or whitish colour, with a black face, and another, much less and nearly black, were basking in the sunshine on a rock in the bay. These seals are most abundant all round the coast of Cunnemara, from Galway to the Killery; indeed I imagine on nearly every part of the coast of Ireland: they are strong, resolute, and ferocious animals, and totally different from the *Phoca vitulina*, which is, in these respects, the very reverse. *Halichærus Gryphus* grows occasionally to an enormous size, sometimes attaining even the length of 12 feet; and Mr. Ball of Dublin told me of one he had killed at Howth harbour, which he believed to weigh five hundred pounds. *Phoca vitulina* occurs not unfrequently on the north coast of Ireland and among the Scotch islands, but it appears to be nearly expelled from the southern half of Ireland by the more powerful and savage species above referred to, much in the same manner as the old English black rat has

yielded to the more powerful animal from Asia, known as the brown or Norway rat.

I ascended Urrisbeg, a rugged little hill at the back of the town, and was very much delighted with the singular view from its summit: the sinuosity of the ocean-coast, and the multiplicity of islands in the sea, and of lakes on the land, is very remarkable. All over this district *Menziesia* grows in the utmost profusion, and at the base of Urrisbeg occurs *Erica Mediterranea*, though not abundantly, and here it was first discovered by Mr. Mackay. This plant has since been recorded as occurring in Erris, and on the side of the Mullrea mountain, near the Killery; but I believe I have the pleasure of first recording its most abundant habitat—Coraan Achill. At the foot of Urrisbeg, on the shore of Lough Bulard, Mr. Babington found *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*. When at Roundstone, I was not aware of the exact locality, and searched for this rare plant in vain, having no more precise habitat than "near Roundstone." But though unsuccessful in this instance, I was delighted with the variety of ferns which I here found among the boulders by the sea. *Polystichum aculeatum*, *Lastræa dilatata*, *L. filix-mas*, *Athyrium filix-fœmina*, *Lomaria spicant*, *Asplenium marinum*, *Aspl. Adiantum-nigrum*, *Aspl. Trichomanes*, *Aspl. Ruta-muraria*, *Pteris aquilina*, and *Osmunda regalis*, are crowded together in profusion and endless variety. In the evening I dined with some great men's great men, or rent-collectors for land-proprietors, and from them I learned much as to the fishing &c. in this district. The salmon-fisheries are perhaps the best in the world: about four miles from Roundstone is one taken by a Scotchman, in which, the day I was there, two hundred and eighty-seven salmon were taken. The contractor, I was told, had taken the fishery at 2d. per fish. The fishery was the property of Mr. Martin of Ballinahinch.

On our breakfast-table next morning were herrings, two kinds of trout, and salmon, all three in the perfection of freshness; indeed the fish of the west of Ireland is beyond all comparison the finest in flavour that I ever ate; it is *fresh*, and in all probability had been swimming at large within an hour of its being placed on the table. The white trout of the west of Ireland is a fish with which I was before unacquainted; as a species it is perfectly distinct from the salmon or trout. Mr. Yarrell, in his 'History of British Fishes,' vol. ii. p. 37, says that the *Salmo trutta* of Linnæus, the sea trout of Fleming, and *his* salmon trout, is the white trout of Ireland; but

there is not a close correspondence between the two. In contradistinction to the common trout, the flesh of the white trout is of richer flavour, and of a deeper orange colour; its skin is much thicker and more oily, its colour bright silvery, with the exception of the back, which is darker; it is destitute of orange spots. It is taken abundantly in salt water, and very seldom in fresh.

After breakfast I resumed my knapsack and turned my back on Roundstone, amidst pelting rain. I saw two eagles soaring in circles far above the summit of Urrisbeg, and others sailing majestically on their way to and from the Twelve Pins. I stopped awhile at the salmon-fishery: to this spot the anglers of England—the real knowing ones—find their way,, and, enveloped in Mackintoshes, stand for hours at the pools whipping them with a fly. I saw an extremely fashionable-looking man at this locale; he was accompanied by a Mr. Larry, a very knowing native, who killed the fish of which he—the Englishman—was to be supposed the executioner. The salmon were pounded in, like sheep in a fold, and patiently awaited the evening's hawl; the Englishman threw his fly with untiring diligence, and drew it spinning over the water; the huge salmon leaped around it almost every second, and I saw Larry hawl to shore a fish of at least eight pounds weight; this will doubtless cut a conspicuous figure in my unknown countryman's journal: it was on the 17th of July, 1839.

Ballinahinch, like most of the towns laid down in the maps of Cunnemara, is a single house, the residence of the Martin of Galway for the time being, a man possessing land sufficient for a German principality. It is a pleasant spot, surrounded by the wildest scenery that can be imagined, and the bog half covered with the beautiful *Menziesia*.

Ascending the rising ground to the south of Ballinahinch, I found the view amply repay me for the trouble. Immediately beyond the palace—the *Martin* is a king in Cunnemara, and his house a palace—rose that strange assemblage of hills called the Twelve Pins. In my endeavours to count these Pins, I was quite unsuccessful; and the number appears to be optional on the part of the counter. Immediately around the palace,—a modern and by no means an elegant building, —water and wood are very prettily interspersed. Would that I could name the bold head-lands that jutted out into the more level bog,—the lakes that even there, mountain locked though they were, reflected a bright blue sky, and fleeting clouds of surpassing whiteness,—and those lovely

islands, covered with the richest, thickest, wood. How is it that throughout Cunnemara the lake-islands alone bear trees; and that here they abound, often to crowding? I here observed the hen-harrier (*Cercus cyaneus*), hunting over the bog, as owls fly along our fallows in quest of mice. The face was turned downwards, often however being moved in every direction. I fancied that these marauders were looking after the young curlews, which I am sure must be abundant, for the old ones would run before me as I marched over the hills, and waken the echoes of the Twelve Pins with their piercing whistle. The curlews were evidently at enmity with the hawks, for sometimes two or three would follow a hawk, and attempt to stun him with their whistle; when they approached too near, the hawk would turn up his round face to take a survey of them, and then look down again, as if quite satisfied he had nothing to fear, and with noiseless wing beat the bog as regularly as a well-trained pointer. During the day I saw many of these hawks, but not one that I supposed to be the female of the same species. In the afternoon the clouds came down so low as to hide all the hills by whose forms I had endeavoured to steer, and I was not sorry to see something like a road winding round the shore of a beautifully wooded lake. This lake, I afterwards learned, was Garromin, and the beautiful woods the property of a Mr. Mahon, the residence being called Glendalough.—Just beyond the lake is a cottage called the Recess, and a few cultivated fields, one of which was completely purple with the blossoms of *Vicia Cracca*. The grass was intended for mowing, and was not yet cut; I think it would have averaged three feet in height, and was very close together; the crop appeared enormous. There was a patch of oats that must have been nearly five feet high. From what I learned at Roundstone, I believe the land might be taken at sixpence or eightpence an acre unbroken, and where partially reclaimed, for 2s. or 2s. 6d. The plan is, "to set a plot of ground to a man," that is, to let him have a tract marked out from point to point, but not measured, and for this he is to pay an annual sum. I saw, about Roundstone, plots of about forty English acres, as nearly as I could guess, set at £2 a-year. But between Urrisbeg and the sea, is a wonderfully rich and populous tract, which is let in small pieces, and at a higher rate. I was told that in the immediate vicinity of Roundstone, under Urrisbeg, is a population of nine or ten thousand people; and I was quite willing to credit it, for I

could have counted near upon a thousand cabins, and ten inmates to a cabin is by no means an extraordinary number.—But this is going back. From "the Recess" I walked steadily along the road, in hopes of finding a place to stop at for the night, but the bog seemed to stretch out before me, and I began to anathematize the Irish miles. I felt a twinging in the shin-bone, which had annoyed me for seven or eight days, get so much worse that I could scarcely step with that leg without crying out. I had walked ten hours a-day, which would be thirty English miles, ever since I broke my shin in crossing Achill Sound, and it had day by day grown more painful. I began to think the bone was splintered, and that I might perchance meet with an effectual stop, if I persisted in bearing up against it: so I made a halt, took off my knapsack, and throwing it on a bed of *Menziesia*, sat myself down and examined my wound. I did not like its appearance, and waited for chances.

I sat for an hour, or rather perhaps lay, for I went to sleep; and a party of police, who had been spending a night in Clifden, to superintend "a pattern" which had been going on there, happened to come by on their way to their quarters. They had a queer vehicle; it was like a London brewer's dray in nakedness, but with this difference, that the wheels were under the bed of the vehicle, so that they could sit over the wheels and dangle their legs down, as in an outside car. Of course they gave me a lift, and deposited me safely at Flynn's half-way-house,—a wonderful place, and the residence of a whole colony of Flynns. I shall never forget the kindness of the people at this place: they made me an excellent fire in my bed-room, brought in a capital dinner,—a fowl killed on purpose, a pile of potatoes, eggs and bacon, beyond all possibility of consumption, bread and butter, and whiskey *à discretion*. The next morning I could not walk; so I got a lift by Bianconi's car. Leaving Flynn's there is a most sweet lake—Lake Shindella—to the right, with such beautifully-wooded islands, it was like a land of enchantment. After Shindella was passed, there came a line of lakes along the road to the right, and finally these issued in a river, and this river still accompanied the road, but was so overshadowed by a fringe of huge *Osmunda regalis*, that the stream was often lost to sight, though its course was abundantly marked by this luxuriant fern.

The road towards Galway is cut beside the river Feogh, a picturesque although small stream. It runs rapidly over lime-

stone slabs, and similar slabs often overhang its waters, particularly where it enters the village of Oughterard. Here, for many hundred yards, a beautiful skreen of the greenest ivy is suspended from the bank above, and actually dips its extremities in the rushing river, forming caves and grottoes that naiads and water-nymphs might be proud to occupy. The stream falls over a succession of ledges, and just after passing Oughterard, it flows under one huge slab of limestone, and is soon lost in the waters of Lough Corrib. The slab or mass of stone forms a natural bridge, over which passes the road to Galway. Here the country becomes more cultivated, and planting to a very great extent is going on. The face of the country is very curious, displaying the most wonderful forms of craggy limestone that I have ever seen, and crowded with such ferns as delight in rocks. *Ceterach officinarum* and *Asplenium Ruta-muraria* and *Trichomanes* were in the greatest possible luxuriance. And here I should remark that I have never seen *Ceterach* so fine as in Ireland. Many of the larger ferns were also in great profusion :—*Lastræa Filix-mas*, *Las. dilatata*, *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, and all the forms of *Polystichum aculeatum*, and *Osmunda regalis*, as usual.—Most of these ferns, but more particularly *Ceterach*, occurred on all the walls till I reached Galway.

The walls and houses in Galway are half covered with *Parietaria officinalis ;* and being generally very old, and the *Parietaria* unusually fine, we might venture to call the old age of Galway "a green and vigorous old age." *Ceterach* is abundant all round and even *in* the town. Mine host having detected me in the act of stowing away a few fronds I had just been gathering, informed me of a botanist resident in the town, and assured me he would be glad to see me; so in a few minutes I found myself in the presence of one of the most ardent and right-spirited naturalists with whom it has ever been my good luck to foregather. He gave me authentic specimens of *Erica Mackaiana*, and also *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris* from the foot of Urrisbeg.

Having now finished Cunnemara, I will just run over an enumeration of its ferns. *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*, rare; *Lomaria spicant*, abundant; *Pteris aquilina*, very sparingly scattered; *Polypodium vulgare*, very local; *Cystopteris fragilis*, local; *Polystichum aculeatum*, abundant in some places and in all varieties; of *Lastræa Oreopteris* I saw one plant only; *Las. Filix-mas*, rare; *Las. dilatata*, everywhere; var. *dumetorum*, abundant; *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, abundant;

Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum, common on rocks; *Asp. Ruta muraria*, on ruins; *Asp. marinum*, on cliffs by the sea; *Asp. Trichomanes*, on rocks and buildings, not uncommon; *Ceterach officinarum*, abundant on walls; *Scolopendrium vulgare*, not common; *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense* and *Wilsoni*, on wet rocks, and intermixed; *Osmunda regalis*, most abundant, sometimes covering small islands in the lakes. In passing through the country as I did, and omitting altogether the Mam Turk range and the Twelve Pins, I must of course have missed many of the finest localities; yet is this list a goodly one.

I must now make a comment or two on those ferns which I either did not see at all, or saw but seldom. *Polypodium Dryopteris* and *Phegopteris*; these species, in Scotland and Wales, abound in all districts similar to those which I hunted most diligently in Cunnemara, yet I never detected a single frond of either of them in the latter district. *Lastræa Oreopteris;* although I traversed large districts such as this fern usually delights in, yet I found but one plant of it. I suppose the climate is too warm for these three ferns, and that they may possibly occur at a greater elevation: but I should say that *Polypodium Dryopteris* is exceedingly rare in Ireland, and with the exception of two fronds gathered by Mr. Moore on Knocklayd, Co. Antrim, I have neither seen nor heard of a single specimen. *Osmunda* seems to have completely taken the place of *Pteris*, and *Filix-fœmina* of *Filix-mas*.

It was with regret that I left Galway without having visited the South Isles of Arran, but the lame leg was in the way, and moreover I was told it would be difficult to get away from them with the violent wind that was blowing off shore; and much as I wished to see them, especially Arranmore, where *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris* is found in such profusion, I was compelled to give it up, and to patronise Bianconi.—And really, after all, it is a great comfort that you never can find yourself in any considerable town, without finding also one of Bianconi's cars ready to transport you elsewhere as soon as you please. As I was jolting along the bank of Galway Bay, the clouds were driven headlong to seaward, and the sun burst forth with bright but watery splendour. I gazed on the Isles of Arran, as they rose clearly from the sea against the blue horizon, and even then I was half tempted to turn back, but having passed Oranmore, the sea was lost, and I turned my thoughts inland. The country now assumed a very different aspect; it appeared bleak, but was generally

cultivated, and lets at fifteen or sixteen shillings per Irish acre. Close to the town of Galway the little paddocks for cattle let at £4. and £5. per Irish acre. Loughrea is a miserable place; whole streets of houses are without roofs, and I felt tempted to enquire whether the plague or cholera had stripped them of their inhabitants. Passing the little village of Aughrim, where the decisive battle was fought between James and William, I reached the important and thriving town of Ballinasloe. There I got on board a boat just starting by the canal for Shannon Harbour; it was drawn by three horses, a boy was on the first, and another on the third, and they set off at full gallop, the whips cracking, and the boys vociferating in the choicest Irish.

In the north of Ireland flax is one of the most common crops. The seed is sown the first week in April, and the flax is pulled as soon as the seed is formed and the stalk begins to turn yellow; this is usually the case in August, and in September the flax is brought to market in a perfectly saleable state, so that the crop affords a quicker return than almost any other, and the produce is certain. Three bushels and a half of seed are sown to an Irish acre, which is equal to 1A. 2R. 19P. English, and the average produce is 800 lbs. per Irish acre: the price has fluctuated between 35s. and 72s. per cwt., but the average price of many years may be fairly taken as 6d. per lb. The average rent of good flax-land in Antrim is 32s. per Irish acre, which shows the estimation in which this crop is held, the price being quite equal to that of the fine wheat-land in Essex. A considerable quantity of wheat is also grown in Antrim, and 20 cwt. per Irish acre is considered an average crop.

CHAP. II.

County Clare.

At Shannon Harbour I stayed a night, and then went on board a steam-boat going down to Limerick; it is a tedious passage. The steam-boat which took us to Portumna was a funny concern; the funnel, boiler, pistons, &c., amidships, and the paddle-wheels aft, and no wider than the deck. The locks and artificial cuts seemed endless; it is called navigating the Shannon, but you really navigate little canals, twelve or fifteen feet wide, for which the Shannon supplies the water. However, when we arrived at Portumna, a steamer of the usual build took us through Lough Derg, the scenery of which is certainly interesting, but can scarcely be called fine. This steamer went on to Killaloe, where a boat awaited us, which, with trotting or galloping horses, conveyed us through a perfect labyrinth of locks to Limerick. To compare the navigation of the Shannon with that of the Thames, is sheer nonsense. The Thames is a vast and deep tide-river, at all times navigable, but at high water capable of floating the largest ships ever built: the Shannon is wide, but so shallow in some places, and so rapid in others, that it never can be rendered of any mercantile importance. Limerick has in it a great deal to occupy the time and attention. It is divided into the new and old towns: the new town is very respectable in its way, a sort of Pavement-Moorfields-looking place, and a long straight street, and the houses much of a sameness; but the old town, on the Clare side of the Shannon, took my fancy amazingly. It is doubtless abundant in poverty, and very useful as an antiministerial station, a place where all oppositionists, of all principles, might find poor, hungry wretches, reduced to their last "pratee," and abundance of heads cracked by shillelahs, and might charge this same lack of pratees and abundance of cracked skulls to the government for the time being, and make long speeches thereanent. But I looked on the old town with unpolitical eyes: to me it made no difference what faction was drawing the salaries of office; and I looked with pleasure on old Limerick,

and its walls tapestried with *Parietaria*. I ascended the tower of its antiquated and mis-shapen Cathedral, and gathered *Scolopendrium*, and *Ceterach*, and *Ruta-muraria*, from its summit, and looked over that ancient town, which is known by the opprobrious epithet of "*English*."

I visited Castle Connell, a poor little village six Irish miles from Limerick, much frequented on account of the appearance of the Shannon, which is here very shallow, and runs over a bed of stones. I crossed to the Clare side in a little boat, and the boatmen were very impressive in their conversation touching the danger of the passage (which they perform twenty times a-day), and told me the falls were considered the finest in Europe, and that Mr. English (Inglis) had been there. On the Clare side are the grounds of Sir Hugh Massey, and the view of the river from the "hanging gardens" as they are termed, is very pretty: there is a constant ripple for half a mile. Having heard so much of Mr. Inglis at this place, I looked into his book, and find, after a page of grandiloquence, the following *wind up*.—"None of the Welsh waterfalls, nor the Geisbach in Switzerland, can compare for a moment, in grandeur and effect, with the rapids of the Shannon." On the walls of the hanging gardens I saw abundance of *Ceterach*, *Asplenium Ruta-muraria*, *Adiantum-nigrum*, and *Trichomanes*, *Scolopendrium vulgare*, *Lomaria spicant*, and *Polypodium vulgare*.

Having had my leg mended by a regular practitioner at Limerick, I determined to rest it another day, and so got on board a steamer bound for Kilrush. It was a glorious day, and the steamer ploughed the sea in gallant style. I call it sea, for though in courtesy called 'the Shannon,' it is in fact all sea below Limerick. There is much to amuse the tourist in this picturesque estuary, but I panted for the mountains, and was tired of steam-boats. On approaching Kilrush, we obtain a view of Scattery Island, with its numerous ruins and lofty round tower. I did not go to the island, but was told that this round tower is perfectly solid — a compact mass of stonework from the base to the summit. If so, it differs abundantly from all other round towers, for they invariably have an internal cavity, apparently to allow of ascent within.

The island is sacred to St. Senanus, who flourished here long before St. Patrick came into fame. The crabbed old saint indignantly refused to permit any woman to set foot in his territory. I believe it was Cannera, a saintess, conveyed thither on a raft by an angel, whose disappointment Moore

deplores to the tune of '*The Brown Thorn*,' taking care, rather wickedly, to add, how

——— "legends hint that had the maid
"Till morning's light delayed,
"And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile,
"She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

Oh rare Tom Moore! I heartily wished I could conjure up old Senanus from his long rest, not to enquire about Cannera, but simply to ask what the Scientific Associations, and sapient literati of his day, said about the round towers. It would be amusing to know at what conclusions they arrived, and to whom was then assigned the premium on round-tower-speculation. It is very obvious that in the earliest days of Christianity, when it is to be presumed the Irish were possessed of more zeal than architectural skill, these towers were frequently built into their churches, and performed the office of heaven-pointing spires: but of so superior a structure were these spires, that even now, when the early churches have mended the roads, or are reduced to a confused and scattered heap of ruins, the towers stand triumphant and alone in their glory, sneering sarcastically at the feeble efforts of time.

When I landed at Kilrush, I found all the steam-boat people were going to Kilkee, and I did the same, without any definite object. There were from thirty to fifty cars on the quay where we landed, and twelve of these were soon freighted with live lumber for Kilkee. We were a formidable body altogether; it must have been a gallant sight to a traveller moving in an opposite direction! Whips cracking, carmen shouting, and the company laughing, talking, and smoking, and on terms of the most easy familiarity with each other.—On arriving at Kilkee there was a regular car-race to the best inn, and when that was glutted, to the second-best, and then to the third.

When I got up the next morning I was located at a fashionable bathing-place. I found it extremely difficult to make the Irish believe that I was such a fool as to wander over their island in search of plants or insects, or to see the country. At Kilkee the folks were of a very respectable class, and evidently felt hurt at my explanations; they thought I was "smoking" them, so I pleaded my leg as an excuse for coming to Kilkee, and this seemed perfectly rational; and when I left the place about thirty-six hours after my arrival, they kindly hoped I had "found the benefit." Up to this

period I think I had been asked a hundred times my name, occupation in life, country, exact place of abode, the place I had last come from, the place I was next going to, the object of my journey, what I had in my knapsack, and at whose expense I travelled. Do the Americans beat this?

Kilkee stands in a little semicircular bay, which, having a bar of rock across its mouth, affords no shelter for shipping; indeed, nothing can be more forbidding to the seaman than the west coast of Clare. From the Hag's Head or Mohir on the north, to Louphead on the south, it consists of black, precipitous, slate cliffs, against which the restless Atlantic frets itself into a perpetual foam. The whole line of coast, in extent about forty miles, is called Malbay; and throughout the entire distance there is not a single place of safety for shipping, and scarcely a creek to afford a doubtful and temporary shelter in extreme distress. The cliff is worn by the ocean into forms more wonderfully grotesque, and oft-times more strikingly picturesque, than the most vivid imagination could devise. Here a peninsula of rock stands boldly out to sea, and the isthmus which connects it with the land has for centuries lost its basement, and only exists as a bridge, hanging as it were by magic over the dark waters, which meet and strive, with thundering din, hundreds of feet below its aërial span;—there, an enormous cleft in the face of the cliff, riven as by an earthquake, forms a wedge-shaped chasm, into which the vast waves gambol one after another like huge leviathans, playing a thousand antics, and sending the "playful spray" aloft, to be borne on the wings of the wind. Then comes some vast cavern, with vaulted roof and gigantic columns, divided maybe into a hundred minor caves, in some of which a ship might float with every stick standing; and from these caves there issues such a reverberation of the roar of waters, that thunder might mutter its loudest and remain unheard.

I took the southern cliff from Kilkee, and skirted along its extreme margin as best I could. Where it was broken and uneven, and I could accomplish it with safety, I descended the cliff as far as practicable; I often found the crevices filled with *Asplenium marinum*, *Aster Tripolium*, *Silene maritima*, *Arenaria marina*, &c. &c. Nothing could exceed the audacity of the gulls while I was clambering about these cliffs: some of them came so near me that I could have touched them with a whip, and their screaming was fearful. There were also flying around me curlews, hawks, and choughs;—the curlews whistling, the hawks screeching, and the

choughs chattering; but the gulls were the most noisy and numerous of all. On the top of the cliff is a short close herbage, of that kind which in England we call good sheep-walk; and on this, and the turf walls which separated it, were rooks, carrion crows, hooded crows, ravens, magpies, and choughs innumerable; the latter bird predominating in number over all the others of the crow family. Further along the coast I saw a settlement of sea-birds; puffins, guillemots, rasor-bills and corvorants, intermixed with the eternal sea-gulls: and I saw three large birds which I supposed to be the great northern diver; they sat up like penguins, on a rock that just peeped out of the water, and was now and then covered by the swell; this sometimes carried off one or two of the divers, but they almost instantly returned and resumed their station. The distance from the top of the cliff to the water will, I think, afford an excuse for my inability to name the species.

These cliffs afford perfect security for eagles and hawks, and I have little doubt that very large numbers are annually bred here, as well as gulls, corvorants, and other aquatic birds. With regard to the gulls, I could make out but little as to species; there were two of very different sizes, but nearly alike in colour, which I supposed to be the greater and lesser black-backed; and occasionally a little covey of four or five individuals of *Lestris* would make their appearance, but these always seemed passing on, as though bent on other business, while the whiter gulls appeared to have no other amusement than screaming round my head; I never was so insulted; they swept round and round in semicircles, fanning me with their wings every time they approached: I longed for a gun, just to have given them an admonisher. Proceeding farther along the cliff, I found a man and boy fishing with lines 400 feet in length. The hook was baited with the inside of a crab, and a stone was tied near the extremity of the line, and being thrown into the sea carried the line with it, which otherwise could not have been persuaded to make the descent. I waited some time, but to no purpose, in the hope of seeing a fish hauled up; and I was equally unsuccessful in learning what kind of fish were taken in this way, for as neither party understood a word that the other said, it might be called on my part, "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." Shortly afterwards I saw a single rock dove (*Columba Livia*) fly to the cliff, and apparently enter a hole; it was closely pursued by a kestrel, which continued sailing backwards and forwards along the cliff, until I left the spot. I

ascended a hill to examine what appeared a most singular ruin: on reaching this I found it was only a Napoleon-tower, with a small portion rearing its head high over the shapeless mass of ruins which surrounded it. The view from this tower is magnificent; you can see nearly two hundred miles of coast, so ruggedly rocky, so curiously indented, and so intermixed with sea, that it requires a tolerable degree of map-knowledge to understand the objects you are beholding.

The high promontory on which this tower stands, terminates in Cape Lean, or, as it is usually termed, Loop-head. After enjoying the splendid panorama to my heart's content, I turned southward, and soon falling in with a road or track, returned to Kilkee. The ferns of this promontory are *Lastræa Filix-mas*, rare; *Las. dilatata*, abundant; *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, abundant; *Pteris aquilina*, sparingly; *Osmunda regalis*, abundant; *Lomaria spicant*, not frequent; *Asplenium marinum*, abundant. The population is very great in the neighbourhood of Kilkee and Kilrush; the cabins are thickly sprinkled over the whole surface of the country, except along the high cliffs by the sea. There was a great deal of oats, wheat, rye, and potatoes, in small patches attached to the cabins; the wheat and rye in ear, the oats backward, and potatoes not looking vigorous, the ground being very conspicuous between the rows.

Having crossed the estuary of the Shannon, I landed at Tarbert, and proceeded by car to Listhowel over a flat, uninteresting, and unprofitable bog. Ballinruddery, the seat of the Knight of Kerry, is to the left of the road, and the fine wood of his demesne is the most pleasing object throughout the journey, and is again seen to great advantage from the bridge over the Feale, on leaving Listhowel for Tralee. The bog appears to present no impediment to cultivation, and why it is left in its present state is unaccountable.

Leaving Listhowel the country continues for the most part flat, and generally cultivated, but in a wretched manner. Where the bog remained in its native state, it seemed to be rather left for the sake of cutting turfs for burning, than from any impediment it offered to the cultivator. The face of the country abounds in ruins, some of them very fine; and a round tower of considerable height is visible to the right of the road for nearly two hours. The road passes over the shoulder of the Stack Hills, and then the view of the town and bay of Tralee, with the fine hills beyond, bursts on the traveller with great beauty.

CHAP. III.

County Kerry.

Leaving Tralee I ascended the hill south of the town, and was delighted to find a lovely little plant which I had never before seen growing,—*Sibthorpia europæa*. On the hilly land in Ireland you find deep and narrow channels cut by torrents of rain water after heavy showers, but, except immediately after rain, perfectly dry. Spread over the banks, and pendant in graceful festoons from the grassy margins of these channels, I found the *Sibthorpia* in the greatest profusion.—With a degree of greediness equal to that of the sailor who loaded his boat with plunder from a wreck, till the boat and the thief went down together, I cut up masses of soil covered with this pretty plant, till I found myself quite unable to carry them, and was compelled to relinquish them one after another, and retain but a solitary specimen. I here found also, in the greatest abundance, the *dumetorum* variety of *Lastræa dilatata*, and furnished myself with a good supply of roots: my first package of this plant, forwarded from Newport, had never reached London, and I was particularly desirous of sending a second supply.

How my heart leaped within me when I peeped over these Tralee hills! When, after an ascent of five hours, I saw the Reeks, Tomies, Carran Tual, Mangerton, Glena, and Turk,—names familiar as household words,—and, while their dark, empurpled, cloudless summits were relieved against a sky of the purest blue,—watched the snow-white clouds drifting amongst them, passing in front of one huge peak and behind another! I instantly singled out Carran Tual as the highest land I had seen in Ireland, but I knew nothing of the others, and contented myself with admiring the beauty of the group, without making any attempt to ascertain the names of individuals.

On leaving Tralee I had determined on staying that night at Cloghereen, and had entrusted my knapsack to the care of two gentlemen who were going there in the afternoon by the

mail-car; had it not been for this, I believe I should have made for "the Reeks" at once, bent my course southward to Kenmare, and missed the lakes of Killarney, the mob of guides, and *Trichomanes speciosum*. It was a long struggle, but the knapsack and *Trichomanes* gained the day, and I began to descend the hill towards the most celebrated of all touring localities, with anything but anticipations of pleasure, for I really hate touring-places, and touring people, and touring guides: however, I resolved to face it, and so forthwith put myself in order to see the lions of Killarney. Having made up my mind I began to descend from the heights, and it was really a fine walk; the beautiful mass of Kerry hills shut out the horizon, and that dark, grove-like, mountain-locked basin at their feet, contained the lakes which were weekly visited by hundreds of felicity-hunters. Throughout the walk I found abundance of the *dumetorum* variety of *Lastræa dilatata*, and many other forms of the same plant, but I could not quite satisfy myself that they merged in one another. *Osmunda regalis*, not abundant; *Pteris*, still less common; *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Aspl. Ruta-muraria*, and *Aspl. Trichomanes*, on walls and ruins; and, approaching Killarney, *Polystichum aculeatum*, *Lastræa Filix mas*, and *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, in the greatest abundance.

When you approach Killarney you find yourself shut in between enormous stone walls, which totally preclude the possibility of seeing anything of the scenery. These walls occur on all the roads in the neighbourhood, and make them anything but picturesque; and Killarney itself is a large, dull and dirty town, and one which a traveller would never suspect was situated amidst the most celebrated scenery in the British dominions.

Cloghereen, an hour's walk beyond Killarney, is merely a dozen houses, the best of which is an inn. Almost opposite to the inn is an entrance to the demesne of Muckruss, and the old abbey is within ten minutes' walk. The abbey is a very beautiful object; it is in excellent preservation, the roof alone being wanting, and the walls are covered with a drapery of ferns, among which *Scolopendrium vulgare* is the most abundant and conspicuous; it is surrounded by fine forest trees of the most beautiful growth: here also was the *Arbutus Unedo* growing in a state of nature, mingled with holly and yew, and forming the most beautiful natural shrubbery I have ever beheld. The rocky ground below was carpeted with mosses, intermixed with the most luxuriant tufts

of *Scolopendrium vulgare*, which here assumes a character I had never before seen; ten or twenty very long fronds emanate from a common centre, and each is bent in a graceful semicircle. Here also *Polypodium vulgare* grows to an immense size, and runs into those luxuriant excesses in which the *pinnæ* become again divided, and its normal form is altogether lost: and here *Hypericum calycinum* grows with all the vigour of a native plant, and, if introduced, as some botanists assert, it has made its footing so secure that I much doubt the ability of man to eradicate it. Passing through this little paradise you stand on the bank of Lough Lane, the largest and most beautiful of the lakes of Killarney. A boat, with rowers, steersman, and bugleman was in waiting, and in a few minutes I was floating over its placid waters, the wooded heights of Glena and the purple summit of Tomies rising immediately before me.

Lough Lane covers an area of 5,000 English acres, and contains twenty-four named islands; the largest of these,—Ross Island,—contains 150 English acres, and is laid out in a tasty manner by its proprietor, Lord Kenmare, who allows all visitors to land, and wander about its beautiful shrubberies just as they please. Ross Castle, on this island, is a fine old building covered with ivy, and the visitor is expected to ascend to its summit, from whence the view is very beautiful. The mixture of the foliage of holly, arbutus, and yew, with the rugged moss- or lichen-stained rocks, is different from what one sees elsewhere. Embarking again, the boat coasted along Ross Island, the bugleman extracting some fine echoes from the ivied walls of the old castle, the wild ducks continually flying off the water before us, and circling high above us in the air, and dozens of corvorants, squatted on their tails, watching our movements from the naked little rocks which just peep above the surface of the water. We passed between the islands of Ross and Innisfallen, and either my vision had been long unaccustomed to trees, or those on Innisfallen, particularly the ash and holly, were unusually majestic in size and beautiful in figure. Indeed it looked like a fairy island raised by magic out of the placid water; and I cannot much wonder at the strange legends of O'Donohue and his milk-white steed, which are so implicitly believed, that an Irish maiden fell in love with the imaginary chieftain, and actually plunged into the crystal waters of Lough Lane, in hopes that after death, her spirit might meet with his; this tale suggested one of Moore's sweetest melodies.—

"Of all the fair months that round the sun, &c."

But the wooded heights of Tomies are paying back the notes of Gandsey's bugle; so—

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!
And long may light around thee smile
As soft as on that ev'ning fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert too lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care;
Who had through vulgar crowds to run
And leave thee bright and silent there."

Landing again where the huge buttresses of Tomies mountain, densely covered with birch, oak, arbutus, holly, and yew, come down to the edge of the lake, I made my way to O'Sullivan's cascade, in hopes of finding on its shady and moss-covered rocks the rare *Trichomanes*, but I was disappointed. Abundance of *Hymenophyllum*, intermixed with luxuriant mosses, covered every stone; and the most graceful form of *Lastræa dilatata* waved its feathery fronds from every crevice where it could find a footing, and every plant had its pinnules crisped and concave, giving it that appearance which Mr. Babington has elsewhere noticed. Here I will take leave of the lake for a short time, and ascend the mountains.

The mountains of this district appear to be divided into three principal ranges, and certainly possess, beyond all comparison, the most elevated points in the island. The first of these ranges is considerably to the west of Lough Lane; it extends almost to Cahirsiveen in Dingle Bay, and is called Macgillicuddy's Reeks; Carran Tual, the highest point of these, being 3,400 feet above the level of the sea. The second range is also to the west of the lakes, and immediately between them and the Reeks, being separated from the latter by an opening called the Gap of Dunloe; this range is called the Tomies, and includes the Purple Mountain and Glena.—The third range is to the south-east of the lakes, and is usually denominated the Turk Range; its highest points are Mangerton and Turk. On all these mountains that rare and beautiful animal, the red deer, exists in his native freedom; and is said to feed on a species of lichen which is here very abundant. I was told that on Turk herds of several hundred were occasionally seen. It is thought strange that this fine animal will not breed in parks and enclosures; but when we recollect that in a state of nature he only frequents the sum-

mits of the barest mountains, and possesses unbounded freedom ;—that restraint to him is like the chain to the eagle, an indignity his proud heart cannot brook ;—that in confinement he becomes fretful, impatient, and savage ;— we can scarcely wonder that he fails to propagate his kind, and lives always hating and generally hated by the creatures with whom he may chance to come in contact. Very great pains have been taken in Kerry to preserve the red deer, but it is found that their numbers are fast decreasing. Lord Bantry has paid great attention to them at his seat on Bantry Bay, where everything has been done to secure them from molestation ; but for some years not a single fawn has been observed. I saw a noble stag on his lordship's estate, a few days after leaving Killarney ; it was at some distance, and I at first took it for a bay horse quietly browzing on the mountain-side. The horns and heads of red deer which adorn Lord Bantry's residence, would furnish half the museums in the kingdom. A head, placed over the entrance, is considerably larger than that of a donkey ; which would imply the possession of a body nearly twice as large as that of the quadruped from Jerusalem. Several of the noblemen and gentlemen round Killarney have attempted to rear the red deer in their enclosures, by taking them when very young ; but it is next to impossible to effect the capture of a fawn, without doing it some mortal injury : a heavy blow with a stick or a stone will so injure one of the delicate little creatures, that it frequently dies in consequence of the wound. Still, however, several instances have occurred, in which fawns have been secured without injury, and if they survive the period of sucking, they are sure to do well, although never sufficiently reconciled to captivity to encrease their kind.

It was through the Gap of Dunloe that I now took my course, having heard its sublimity mightily extolled, but I cannot say I think it would pay for the trouble of exploring, unless to those who are unacquainted with the wilder parts of Wales and Scotland ; for the pass is thronged with guides, and it is a sheer impossibility to address a single observation to a companion, without receiving a reply from at least half a dozen of these familiar Milesians. At the top of the Gap I rested awhile in the cottage of the celebrated Kate Kearney, and from her own hand I received the customary and comforting cup of poteen and goat's milk. After reaching the summit of the gap I turned to the left, and seeing below me the cottage at the end of the upper lake, I abandoned the path,

and pursued my way towards the lake in a tolerably direct line, over the trackless waste. All over the side of the mountain *Pinguicula grandiflora* occurs in great abundance: its flowers were generally gone, but some were even yet remaining, and struck me as very beautiful. I believe botanists do not agree as to the value of this species, but to me it appeared distinct: I should however mention that not having the commoner species (*Ping. vulgaris*) at hand, I had no opportunity of comparing them.

At the extremity of the upper lake a boat was in waiting, and I once more embarked. The upper lake looks small compared with Lough Lane, but is said to cover an area of 1000 English acres: the little rocky islets rising from it are very beautiful. Leaving this lake the rowers entered a rapid river connecting it with Loughs Lane and Turk, and having reached a fine bold cliff called "the Eagle's Nest," pulled to the opposite shore, and we landed in order to hear to greater advantage the extraordinary echo for which this spot has long been famous. A tune played by the bugleman standing opposite the cliff, has the effect of a duet. Whether it be possible to produce a duet by merely causing a repetition of a *first*, I must leave the scientific to decide, but so it appeared to me. Indeed the echoes in many parts of these lakes seem perfectly magical. But I am forgetting the ferns. After leaving the Eagle's Nest, *Osmunda regalis* completely fringes the banks of the river between the lakes, and forms a prominent feature in this most lovely scenery. So altered is the usual character of this fern, that its long fronds arch gracefully over, and dip their masses of seed in the crystal water; while the saucy coots, from beneath the canopy it affords them, gaze fearlessly on the visitors who are continually passing by. One of the boatmen employed by Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion of his visit to Killarney, told me that Sir Walter uttered scarcely a syllable in praise of the scenery, until he came to this spot; and here he stopped the rowers, and exclaimed, "*This* is worth coming to see!" The boatman evidently thought very meanly of Sir Walter's opinion, whom he considered in duty bound to be in raptures with the lakes and mountains. I do not wonder at the great man's taste: to me it was the most wonderfully beautiful spot I had ever beheld, and this beauty is mainly owing to the immense size and number of these pendant fronds. I now approached Dinas Island, on which, I believe, stand some of the largest arbutus trees in the world. The stem of one of them is seven

feet in circumference, and its height is equal to that of an ash tree of the same girth which stands near it. There are several others closely approaching this in size. The arbutus, in a state of nature, possesses but a distant resemblance to the trim, formal, bush-like figure which it assumes in cultivation. The branches are very long, gnarled, crooked, and naked to the extremity, where they are crowned with bright green leaves. They seem particularly fond of the fissures of rock, and, like the holly and yew, with which they are ever intermixed, flourish most where there is least appearance of soil to support them.

In this river-scenery the silvery stem and feathery foliage of the birch, and the picturesque figure of the oak and ash, are not to be overlooked; nor should the white water-lilies, floating on the stream, nor the multitudes of mosses, nor the rich bells of *Erica cinerea*, be passed by without a notice.—Passing to the right of Dinas Island, the rowers pulled into Turk Lake, a beautiful sheet of water occupying an area of rather more than 1000 acres, with scarcely an island to interrupt the uniformity of its surface. On the right, the woods of Turk Mountain come down to the water's edge. This fine lake is separated from Lough Lane by a narrow strip or neck of land, and through this is a small opening, over which is thrown a bridge, called "Brickeen Bridge." We passed under the bridge into Lough Lane, and steering to the right, the rowers rested on their oars in the cove of Glena. Here is a cottage belonging to Lady Kenmare, and its tasty architecture, its beautiful flowers, its green lawns, its sweet accompaniments of wood, rock, and water,—render it a spot of uncommon loveliness. From this little cove the boatmen pulled across to Muckruss, passing O'Donohue's horse. This curious rock has so precisely the appearance of a huge horse standing on the surface of the water, with his head down, as though grazing or drinking, that it seems almost impossible to get rid of the illusion; as we approached it, however, it proved very rock-like, and seven corvorants flew off, and skimmed in a line along the surface of the water to some little rocks we had just before passed. After leaving the horse I soon landed, and returned for the night to Cloghereen.

I next paid my respects to Turk waterfall. Owing to an excess of rain the fall was really very striking,—far more so than I had expected to find it: it was a continuous sheet of foam. I first found *Trichomanes speciosum* to the left of the seat whence visitors take the first view of the fall. About

fifteen yards higher up the stream, the rocky bank projects into the river; the projection is only to be approached by leaping from stone to stone, along the bed of the torrent, which, in times of flood, as happened to be the case when I paid it this visit, is rather an exciting and ticklish operation. You are so close to the fall as to be covered by the spray, and the roar is almost deafening. Having reached the projection, the botanist must ascend it by means of the roots and branches,—a feat very readily performed, and there is a little platform at the top, where he can stand very comfortably; and while so standing, he will find the rocky bank, just on a level with his eye, completely clothed with *Trichomanes*, the dark green fronds hanging heavily down, dripping with wet, and, if the sun happen to shine, begemmed with sparkling drops. It is a beautiful sight, and well worth the wet feet, which, when the flood is on, form a necessary accompaniment of the expedition. The scenery around is well worthy the rare fern which it cherishes in its bosom. The *rhizoma* of this fern is black, velvety, tough, and remarkably long: it formed a kind of network on the perpendicular surface of the rock, in which its roots had no kind of hold: this was the character of the plant when most luxuriaut, but I found other and much smaller plants, which possessed more root and less *rhizoma*, and the roots were fixed in a thin layer of moist earth, among a profusion of moss and *Hymenophyllum*.

At this waterfall, and again in various localities along the road winding towards Kenmare, I found both species of *Hymenophyllum* growing together in the greatest luxuriance and profusion, sometimes on rocks, and sometimes clothing the stems of oak trees to the height of three or four feet from the ground.

In walking under Turk Mountain on my way to Kenmare, I found *Asplenium marinum* in considerable abundance, to the left of the road, on a rock which appeared to have been blasted but a few years back. It was of small size and somewhat unusual form, and I consider the habitat worthy of notice, as being so completely inland. The plant grows at a considerable height on the cliff, and, except to a practised eye, would have the appearance of *Ceterach officinarum*.—The site of this fern is near a tunnel of rock, through which the road passes. The walk here is very fine; the arbutus trees are most ornamental and of large size: I measured the trunk of one that was lying by the road-side, and found it four feet nine inches in circumference. *Robertsonia umbrosa*, or

the plant which I have taken for it, is very abundant both here and at the Gap of Dunloe.

The ferns which I met with at Killarney are these. *Lomaria spicant, Pteris aquilina, Polypodium vulgare, Polystichum aculeatum, Lastræa Oreopteris, Las. Filix-mas, Las. dilatata, Athyrium Filix-fœmina, Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum, Asp. Ruta-muraria, Asp. marinum, Asp. Trichomanes, Scolopendrium vulgare, Ceterach officinarum, Trichomanes speciosum, Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense, Hym. Wilsoni,* and *Osmunda regalis:* and to these Mr. Mackay has added *Lastræa Thelypteris. Polypodium Dryopteris* and *Phegopteris,* ferns which delight in regions like these, I was unable to discover.

In the ascent from the lakes of Killarney towards the police-station on the Kenmare road, I turned a little out of my way to see the fall of Derrycunhuey. It is very different in character from O'Sullivan's or Turk, being of greater breadth and volume but of less height, and having in its channel vast masses of lichen-stained rock. I never saw such a profusion of *Hymenophyllum* as grows on the stones around this waterfall: the two species were completely intermixed. I spent an hour searching every dark hole for *Trichomanes,* but without success. The view from the police-station over the lakes is very celebrated; but I think they lose a great part of their beauty when seen from so great a height and distance. They become diminutive, and you see their sinuous outline and numerous islands as laid down in the maps, but the sweet variety of colour, and fantastic figure of rocks, which, when viewed more nearly, form so prominent a part of their attractions, are here entirely lost. I lingered to take a last farewell of those lovely lakes, and to smile on the legendary lore so highly prized by the dwellers amid this wild scenery: no mountain-summit, no shady cove, no rocky islet, but has its fairy tale. The lakes themselves are clearly traced to fairy origin, as the legend of Norah and Coolin abundantly sets forth. The wild country around the lakes admits of little farming; but the land north of Killarney is good, and lets well, — 10s. and 12s. per Irish acre. It principally belongs to Lords Headley and Kenmare, both highly respected by their tenantry. One of those touching testimonials, so characteristic of Ireland, was about to be offered to Lord Headley shortly after I left: — his tenants intended inviting him to a public dinner. The Irish landlords appear to be revered throughout Ireland, in a manner of which, in England, we can

form no notion; a few, a very few, exceptions to this may be met with, in which political fanatics have cruelly turned out the native residents to make room for sectarians from other parts of the kingdom.

The road to Kenmare is over a bleak and wild mountainous country, but little cultivated. The outline of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, stretching far away to the right, I thought particularly fine. I found every possible form of *Polystichum aculeatum* growing among the rocks; also *Lastræa Filix-mas*, *Las. dilatata*, and *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*. Descending from the high ground towards Kenmare, I was struck with the great abundance and beauty of *Bartsia viscosa* and *Pinguicula grandiflora;* and, on the high ground, with the size and luxuriance of a species of *Euphorbia*, perhaps *Eu. Characias*. The land towards Kenmare belongs, I believe, almost exclusively to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The rent is various: some little farms, to which farm-houses are attached, fetch as much as 5s. or 6s. per Irish acre, and I heard of one farm as high as 9s., but it must be recollected that this price includes the house, which, on the Lansdowne property, is almost invariably good.

It is a fine wild walk over the hill from Kenmare to Glengarriff: the road has lately been cut at great expense and labour; it passes through tunnels of solid rock, the last of which, on the very crest of the hill, is of great length and very dark, notwithstanding a light-hole in the centre from above. On emerging from the last tunnel, the view southward begins to open; it is very extensive, and the outlines are rugged and extremely picturesque. The view varies with every step.—Bantry Bay, its coves, islands, and sinuous shores, and the wild hills rising above them, are spread map-like before you. It was from this descent that I saw that most noble of our native quadrupeds, the stag, browsing at a distance on the mountain-side. As I approached Glengarriff there seemed no end to the variety of form and colour in which rocks and woods were combined. Holly, arbutus, yew, birch and oak are the most abundant trees, and they seem to vie with each other in hardihood: they may be continually seen rooted in the scarcely perceptible clefts of a perpendicular rock, and throwing their fantastic branches over a river brawling at its base. The rock itself is so beautiful, and the streams are fringed with such magnificent *Osmunda*, that even Killarney would gain but little by a rigid comparison with Glengarriff. The rabbits and hares which swarm in this neighbourhood

afford ample entertainment for foxes; and I am led to believe that these animals are more numerous here than in any other part of the kingdom. Hunting, in a country where the foxes could go to earth at least once in every hundred yards, is out of the question; and it is consequently held fair to trap and slaughter them by wholesale. Otters abound, and are very destructive to the fish. The golden eagle breeds in Hungry Hill, the Eagle's Nest, and several other hills on the west side of Bantry Bay: hawks are most abundant; ravens, crows, rooks, jackdaws, and magpies, occur in profusion. Hooded crows and choughs are known here, but are not, as in some localities I have mentioned, the most numerous birds of the crow tribe. I did not stay sufficiently long at Glengarriff to make anything like a list of the ferns; nor did I notice any species that I have not already mentioned as common throughout my journey.

At Lord Bantry's lodge I was extremely amused with the manifold trophies of defunct stags which are exhibited within and without the dwelling, and also with the singularly wild and picturesque character of his demesne. After wandering about for some time I returned to the shore, and throwing my knapsack into a boat, I took the helm, and in a few minutes four noble-looking fellows were rowing me down Bantry Bay. I steered first along the western coast, to see the eastern to greater advantage, but the hills are rounded and insignificant; I then crossed to Whiddy Island, a fertile and extremely well cultivated tract, three miles in length, and containing five hundred inhabitants: from this a fine view is obtained of the Caha Hills on the west coast. The sea was, for an Irish sea, extremely calm; the air perfectly still, and the sky cloudless: there was a rich saffron tint in the air, which seemed to invest every object with a kind of golden mantle: it appeared more like what I fancy an Asiatic than an Irish atmosphere. There was that quiet and balmy feel in the air which we call an indication of settled weather: I could scarcely believe that I was in a land where

> "Suns with doubtful gleam
> Weep while they rise."

CHAP. IV.

Counties Cork, Tipperary, &c.

After landing at Bantry I strolled over Lord Bearhaven's park and garden, and here I first found *Polypodium vulgare* in its very divided form, as discovered by Mr. Mackay in County Wicklow: it grows abundantly on the park-wall, just out of the town. The growth of some exotics in the garden is of extraordinary luxuriance: on the lawn before the house are some ten or twelve hydrangeas, the smallest of which is twenty long steps in circumference, and the one which I supposed the largest, thirty-three steps, or at least a hundred feet. Several species of *Erica*, and amongst them *Erica Mediterranea*, also several fuchsias, were of equally luxuriant proportions, and the laurel contended in vigour with the native arbutus.

I walked up the hill at the back of the house, through a herd of fallow deer, which seemed infected by the luxurious and enervating calm of the evening, and would hardly rise at my approach. The summit of this eminence was covered with rooks and jackdaws; I think there must have been millions, they really blackened the sky when they rose, which they did with reluctance and soon settled again, some on the ground, and some on little clumps of young firs, which bent down with the unusual weight. This eminence commands a glorious view over the Bay, its islands, Glengarriff, the Caha Hills, &c., and the extraordinary fall of Adrigoil in Hungry Hill was just visible, like a thread of silvery light. This cascade appears little known; few, if any of our tourists have visited it, and I had never by any chance heard even its name until now, in its immediate neighbourhood: it is said to be 850 feet in height, which I think will exceed any other in the kingdom. I lingered till the last ray of the setting sun had vanished from the Caha Hills and the distant Reeks, — till the golden flame-tint had left the north-west, and was succeeded by a green indescribably beautiful; while the zenith, and indeed nearly all the other parts of the sky, were of that exquisite colour which I suppose the Latin poets mean by the word *purpureus*, as in

> "Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo;"

and many other passages. This colour rapidly faded, and as night was fast approaching I made the best of my way to Bantry.

There are few who happened to be in Ireland on the 30th of July, 1839, that will forget it. The flood-gates of heaven seemed opened, and earth appeared about to be visited by a second deluge: men, women, children, cows, sheep, goats, pigs, were swept from the face of the earth: nearly a hundred bridges were totally demolished, and watercourses, — foaming rivers, — flowed where none were known before. It began raining about midnight, little more than two hours after the glorious sunset I have described, and the water seemed to descend in streams rather than drops during the whole of the ensuing day.

From Bantry I went to Skibbereen: the stony and hilly country possessed but little that was interesting, and though farming was attempted, it was the most wretched attempt I had yet seen. *Osmunda*, *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, and *Lastræa dilatata*, were abundant, but generally of stunted growth. Between Skibbereen and Rosscarberry are some small but picturesque lakes, celebrated for their trout-fishing; the gillaroo trout being taken in great abundance. Mr. Pennant treats of this as a variety of the common trout; but almost every fisherman in Ireland thinks differently, and the Rev. Mr. Maxwell also appears to treat it as distinct.[1] I cannot say much in favour of Mr. Maxwell's zoological attainments; his mistaking the eagle for the osprey, and gravely quoting Bewick's description of the osprey as an illustration of the eagle of Achill, is a remarkable instance of his ignorance in the ornithological branch of the subject; but with fish he is evidently more at home. The gillaroo trout differs principally from the common trout in the extreme hardness and gizzard-like structure of its stomach, a character that especially adapts it to the comminution of the testaceous *Mollusca* on which it feeds. It is usually twice the size of the common trout. It has been said that the gillaroo has only been found west of the Shannon, but this I am scarcely inclined to believe: I have indisputable authority for recording it as a native of the loughs near Skibbereen, which, though not to the east of the course of the Shannon, can nevertheless scarcely be said to be west of that river. The fish from Lough Neagh figured by Mr. Yarrell[2] has little resemblance in form

[1] Wild Sports of the West, *passim*.

[2] British Fishes, ii. 57.

to the gillaroo of the west, a fish which is more correctly represented by the rough cut in the 'Dublin Penny Journal.' [1]

Sir Humphrey Davy says that "the gillaroo trout differs in appearance very little from the common trout, except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden-coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large, thick, muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three or four kinds; and though in those I caught the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily to the fly. The common trouts of these lakes have stomachs like other trouts, which never, as far as my experience has gone, contain shell-fish; but of the gillaroo trout I have caught some, not larger than my finger, which have had as perfect a hard stomach as the larger ones, with the coats as thick in proportion, and the same shells within; so that this animal is at least *now* a distinct species, and is a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way. I have often looked in the lakes abroad for gillaroo trout, but never found one." [2]

From Rosscarberry to Cloghnakilty the country is pretty generally cultivated, and a good deal of wheat was in ear.—Near the town of Cloghnakilty I obtained a fine view down the bay of the same name. From thence I proceeded to Bandon. Near Innisshannon the country is picturesque, and the banks of the river Bandon are finely wooded. On approaching Cork I found the immediate neighbourhood well cultivated, and intersected with hedge-rows as in England. There are a great number of trees in the hedge-rows, and these were shrouded up the sides, a horrible practice, long sanctioned by fashion throughout England, but seldom observable in the sister island, where trees are too scarce and valuable to be treated in this ignominious and injurious manner.

I believe a tourist might write a good chapter on the town of Cork, its magnificent jail, its innumerable cars, its splendid horses, and its rapid river; but I will not treat on these topics farther than to say that it is a good-looking town, and contains 100,000 inhabitants. The river or creek below Cork

[1] Dublin Penny Journal, i. 80. [2] Salmonia.

is very pretty, the hilly banks being loaded with luxuriant shrubberies and tasty-looking houses. The town of Cove is prettily situated on an island called Great Island, and is about ten miles nearer the sea. Its houses are covered with a Mackintosh of slate to shoot off the rain, which is here nearly incessant. The view of Cork Harbour from the upper part of Cove town is very fine.

At low water, a considerable space of mud being left uncovered, I had an opportunity of observing the extreme boldness of the curlews, crows, and sea-gulls, which come in great numbers close to the town of Cork, apparently attracted by some favourite food left by the falling tide. The ferns I observed in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork, were *Lomaria spicant*, rare; *Pteris aquilina*, rare; *Polypodium vulgare*, very common, and numerous palmated varieties; *Polystichum aculeatum*, *Lastræa Filix-mas* and *Las. dilatata*, *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Aspl. Ruta-muraria*, *Aspl. Trichomanes*, *Scolopendrium vulgare*, *Ceterach officinarum*, and *Osmunda regalis;* and it should be remarked that these were observable merely in passing along the main thoroughfares, all of them except the two first, growing on the walls of the gardens and shrubberies.

From Cork I proceeded northwards, through Watergrass Hill and Rathcormuck, to Fermoy. The river Blackwater having, during the late inundation, swept away entire fields of hay, a vast quantity had been arrested in its progress by the bridge at Fermoy, and was now collected in large cocks in the town, presenting a curious spectacle. *Ceterach officinarum*, *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Aspl. Ruta-muraria*, and *Aspl. Trichomanes*, and *Scolopendrium vulgare*, half-covered the walls between Cork and Fermoy. The country was apparently well farmed, but otherwise very uninteresting. From Fermoy to Mitchelstown the country is not so well farmed, still there is little, if any, out of cultivation. I travelled this distance, and also from Mitchelstown to Sheely's Inn, half way between that place and Cahir, by Bianconi, but I found it a loss rather than a gain of time, for several bridges had been totally destroyed, and temporary crossings of the most ticklish description served as their substitutes, often causing very tedious delays. The ferns which I observed by the way, in addition to the five lately mentioned, were *Lomaria spicant*, *Pteris aquilina*, both rare, and requiring a sharp look-out; *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, *Lastræa dilatata*, and *Osmunda regalis*, in the usual abundance. Sheely's Inn

is in the county of Tipperary, and midway between Mitchelstown and Cahir.

Long before I set foot in Ireland I had determined to visit the caves at this spot. They are usually known as the Kingston Caves, because situated on the property of Lord Kingston. Crossing the road from Sheely's Inn, you proceed up a narrow lane for about a mile, two low roundish hills rising before you, which are partially covered with a growth of shrubby wood. In each of these hills is a cave: that to the right is the cave of Sheheewrinky, and is also called the Old Cave, having been known for a great number of years; and that to the left the Cave of Coolnagarranroe, being situated in the town-land of that name, and is called the New Cave, having been unknown till the year 1833, when it was explored by a son of mine host, in company with a man named Condon, who first discovered its entrance while at work in the quarry. It is now only to be seen by applying to Gorman, the man who rents the ground, and who, having had the entrance secured by a door which is kept carefully locked, excludes all but those who pay handsomely for the entertainment. Throughout Ireland you either get served for nothing, or pay ten times as much as in England: there is no moderation. The Cave of Coolnagarranroe is now exclusively visited. The little hills containing these caves are described by a geologist[1] as lying "in the valley which separates the Galtee and Knockmildown chains of mountains, the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern boundary. The prevailing rock at this extremity of the Galtees is conglomerate, which occasionally passes into sandstone; while that which composes the opposite chain of hills possesses a structure intermediate between that of sandstone and schist, and includes few if any rounded or water-worn pebbles. The material of the interposed valley is compact grey limestone, and this rock forms two small rounded hills, &c." Although nothing of a geologist, I presume I may venture to assert that the interior of the cave presents nothing to the eye but the grey limestone before alluded to by Dr. Apjohn, carbonate of lime in the infinitely varied conformations of spar, a soft red clay which appeared partially to cover the floor of the cave, and to fill many of its crevices, and a fine light-coloured sand which is present in one chamber only.

Immediately on the door being opened I followed Gorman

[1] Dr. Apjohn.

down a steep passage of some two or three dozen yards in length; after me came Gorman's son, and a "boy" who volunteered the office of assistant-assistant-guide, brought up the rear. Each of the four held a candle, and each proceeded in the position most agreeable to himself; the height of the passage being somewhat less than four feet, and our own heights varying between five feet and a half and six feet and a half. This passage was pleasantly varied about the middle by a perpendicular fall of five or six yards, and here a ladder was fixed. At its termination the footing becomes tolerably horizontal, and the aperture wider and higher, and this continues for about a hundred yards, when I was ushered into the "House of Commons," a splendid chamber, which I should suppose fifty yards in length, twenty to twenty-five in breadth, and twelve or fourteen in height. Young Sheely and Gorman gave me the precise measurement, but not only did they not agree, but their statements considerably exceeded my estimate of the dimensions; therefore I prefer my own, which is deduced from steps, when a question of length and breadth, and from guess, when one of height. The roof is adorned with an infinity of icicle-like stalactites, and the fissures in the limestone are encrusted with glittering spar: the floor is almost without a trace of stalagmitic deposition, but in several places I observed the huge blocks of limestone of which it is composed deeply pitted with the dropping of water from the roof.

I was now led through a passage of perhaps ten or fifteen yards in length, and of considerable breadth and height, into the "House of Lords." My childhood's dreams of the Grotto of Antiparos were here completely realized. I felt that to see this alone I would gladly have crossed the channel. I know not how to describe it. Suppose a room a hundred yards long, thirty yards wide, and ten yards high,—these are not ascertained dimensions,—suppose the roof beautifully arched as in Gothic halls, and that arched roof hung all over with icicles, and suppose some dozen or so of these icicles of vast size, hanging down till they reach incrusted masses of ice rising from the floor, and so become graceful pillars supporting that vaulted roof; and then you may form some idea of the extreme beauty of this fairy chamber. One huge pillar is called the "Tower of Babel;" and a mass of spar, where the water containing the carbonate appears to have fallen on a projecting rock, and so been compelled to trickle in various directions, thus forming a multitudinous mass of conglomer-

ated stalactites, is called the "Turkish Tent." A third vast aggregate of spar is called "the Beehive," and a fourth "the Organ." The similarity of these beautiful masses of spar to the objects whose names they bear, is very obscure; in the instance of the organ, however, the pendant stalactites do really in some degree resemble the pipes of an organ, and Gorman and his associates followed each other in playing a voluntary on these pipes, by flourishing their "sprigs" along them, and thereby producing a sound by no means unpleasant. Between these are many large accumulations of spar, all carefully named, but alas! I have forgotten the nomenclature; and almost every part of the floor is covered by stalagmitic incrustations, which rise opposite to the stalactites pendant from the roof. In a few instances, however, I observed that the continued dripping from the roof, instead of causing a stalagmitic deposition, had worn small circular holes in the limestone, as in the "House of Commons."

Leaving this splendid chamber Gorman led me into what he called the "Long Cave:" the footing here was very bad; little was obtained to pay for the trouble, for whichever way we turned we soon came to a part which Gorman told me was unexplored, and into which he did not choose to take me. I think there were seven or eight branches of this "Long Cave," which he said had never been visited; if this is true, it argues a great apathy on the part of scientific visitors. The floor sometimes consisted of the naked limestone, sometimes of clay, and sometimes spar, the latter being rugose and angular, and not possessing a smooth surface like that of the stalagmitic deposition to which I have before alluded. The roof occasionally exhibited festoons of spar, resembling wreaths of flowers, and struck me as very beautiful; but still I was disappointed with this "Long Cave," because I fancied that I left so much unseen: and when Gorman repeatedly told me that that was as far as we could go, although I saw a very obvious opening still farther, I could not help repeating the indignant and emphatic enquiry of the renowned Miss Squeers,—"Is *this* the *h*end?"

There is a second opening from the "House of Lords" leading, as Gorman assured me, to a river, but this river I could not find: there was, indeed, a puddle, and nothing more. I have since turned with some interest to see what Dr. Apjohn makes of the river, but I find he received it on trust, "such phenomenon was not *at the time* to be observed." I thence returned to the "House of Lords," entering that

wondrous place for the third and last time, and thence to the "House of Commons" for the second time. Three passages emanate from this chamber, besides that by which I entered it, and the one leading to the "House of Lords." One of these possesses little interest, except that its extent is unascertained: the two others are but different ways into another chamber, which is divided into two compartments by a rock running along the middle: this chamber has some enormous stalactitic pillars, and one little recess called the "Queen's Bedchamber," which is exquisitely beautiful, every part of it being covered with an incrustation of the most sparkling spar, in great variety of form.

From the "Bedchamber Cave" (I believe this is the right name) I was led towards another passage, near the entrance of which stand some enormous masses of stalagmite, and one larger than the rest is called "Lot's Wife."[1] This passage leads into the "Kingston Gallery," a straight and narrow chamber or gallery sixty yards long. The roof and walls, throughout its entire length, are clothed with spar, which I remarked here assumes a variety of colours, sometimes bright red, sometimes barley-sugar-coloured. The beautiful roof possesses more architectural symmetry than that of any of the other chambers, and the pendant festoons of spar, resembling wreaths of flowers and flowing drapery, are most gorgeous. At two thirds of its length this gallery was originally completely divided by a transparent curtain of spar, but through the centre of this an aperture has been made, and the entire chamber has been thus rendered visible at one view, partially interrupted however by six stalactitic pillars. The "Kingston Gallery" leads into a chamber which is nearly square, and without much ornamental spar; and beyond this is another passage or gallery, which runs for more than a hundred yards in a continuous line with the "Kingston Gallery," and of which the termination has not yet been found, so that it is compulsory to return to the square chamber, from which is a passage parallel with the "Kingston Gallery," and of somewhat similar width and precisely similar length. The bottom of this passage is strewed with sand, and it is consequently called the "Sand Cave;" it contains little or nothing

[1] This has been described as *stalactitic*, but I must allow my original note to stand, as it was made on the spot; and though I will not lay claim to infallibility, especially in a science in which I am a confessed ignoramus, yet my impression was and is, that it was the deposition from dropping, not from trickling; that it had grown upwards, not downwards.

to attract admiration after the eyes have been feasting on the gorgeous beauties of the "Kingston Gallery."

The two galleries open side by side, and within a few yards of "Lot's Wife" already noticed, and immediately adjacent to another chamber called the "Garret Cave," which appeared to me more extensive than either of the others. I fancy it is considerably more than a hundred yards in length, and it varies greatly in breadth. The floor is composed of stalagmitic masses and incrustations, and blocks of limestone rudely tossed together, the travelling over which is not very convenient; it rises towards the farther extremity, thus reducing the height in that part. The walls are mostly sheeted with spar, and the stalactites, like glittering icicles, and often of very small size, hang by thousands from the roof; some however are of noble size, and having united with the stalagmite, form graceful pillars seemingly created purposely for the support of the roof.

It will I think be seen from this description, imperfect as I acknowledge it to be, that the cave of Coolnagarranroe is not, as generally supposed, a single opening of ascertained size and figure, but more resembles in its ramifications a vast mine, in which large excavations have occasionally been made, and of which no less than thirteen or fourteen obvious openings yet remain to be explored, offering a fine field, not merely for adventure but for theory, for who shall say what wonders are yet undiscovered. I was perhaps rather lazy after slipping about for seven or eight hours on the soft and slimy clay, and little inclined to prosecute further researches at the time, but I have often since regretted that I did not stimulate Gorman to further exertions while I was present, for he receives such a revenue from the fleecing of his present visitors, that he will never take the trouble by himself to make more discoveries. It is strange that those who manage the estate on behalf of the proprietor do not, in some way, restrain the impositions of this greedy man, for the cave being no part of his taking, he can only by courtesy be allowed the pecuniary advantage of showing it.

I have not in this rapid sketch noticed a tenth part of the curious forms of spar to which my attention was called; among these the "Churn," the "Angel's Head," the "Avalanche," the "Lord Chancellor's Wig," and "Aladdin's Lamp," struck me as remarkably beautiful; the last is a pendant and somewhat cylindrical sheet of spar, so thin that the light of a candle is scarcely decreased by being placed inside

it. Perhaps however the most magnificent mass of spar, either here, or known in the world, is that called the "Queen's Mantle." Its appearance is somewhat similar to that which might be produced by throwing a dozen shawls carelessly over a pole suspended horizontally, their folds being allowed to arrange themselves at random, as they hung from the pole in a confused mass; the height of this mass is twenty or twenty-five feet, and the substance so thin as to show very clearly the flame of a candle held behind it: its extremities do not quite reach the floor. Owing to the frequent disturbance from handling which this and all the most remarkable objects are constantly undergoing from visitors, most of whom purchase the right of chipping off and carrying away what they please, it is much to be feared that the cave will eventually be robbed of a great portion of its present beauty.

I did not leave the cave without examining the clay and sand deposited in cavities under the stalagmitic incrustations of the floor, in the hope of finding the bones of extinct animals; but it was to no purpose, and I learned from Gorman that similar searches had frequently been made, but always without success. This leads me to believe in the correctness of Dr. Buckland's theory, that the cave at Kirkdale was the actual residence of the hyænas whose bones it contained, and that these animals were instrumental in bringing thither those other animals, whose bones are mingled with their own.

Whilst in the cave, I occasionally stopped to take a rough and hasty sketch of the more remarkable and isolated groups of columns or masses of spar, and these I purpose copying on wood, with a view to their eventual publication, should an opportunity ever be afforded me: if not, the proofs of the cuts must find their way into my own copy of these "Notes," and there repose in solitary grandeur, useless to the world, but to me valued memorials of one of the most enjoyable excursions I have ever made. Both the drawings and descriptions may, I fear, want that rigid exactness which a geologist would require, but still, I trust, both are sufficiently near the truth, to give a tolerably correct idea of the wonders I have attempted to portray.

CHAP. V.

Counties Tipperary, Waterford, Wexford, and Wicklow.

On my return to Sheely's Inn the rain was so heavy that I determined to stay there for the night, an example which I can scarcely recommend any of my compatriots to follow, except those who, like myself, are willing to seek information at the expense of comfort. The landlord favoured me with his company, as did his son who first explored the cave, and of course *the cave* was the principal topic of conversation. I found Sheely a remarkably intelligent man; he possessed a knowledge of the politics of the day which quite put me to the blush, for I had not read a newspaper, to the best of my belief, for full six weeks previously to my visit to him. On the subject of the cave I learned some interesting particulars, more especially in relation to the frequent visits paid them by Lord Kingsborough. He showed me a variety of spars, and explained them very scientifically, expressing his regret that the spar should be wantonly broken and carried away by visitors. Some of my countrymen, in their zeal for science, had thrown large stones where the stalactites were most thickly clustered, and thus produced showers of spar, a phenomenon readily obtained, for the slender stalactites break almost as easily as icicles.

Sheely told me that the first time Gorman entered the cave with two or three companions, their candles accidentally went out and left them in utter darkness. They had advanced so far that their cries were inaudible above ground, and they sat down, expecting nothing better than death by starvation. Gorman having been missed from his home, his son luckily thought of the cave, and descending with a light restored his father to the upper world.

It was a brilliant morning when I took my leave of Sheely, and a last lingering look towards those beautiful caverns, which, once to have seen, is worth more than the fairest picture of imagination. The road towards Cahir is wide and straight; it possesses little to interest the traveller, except the joyous faces of the happy people, whom I met by crowds on their way to the market at Mitchelstown. The poorer Irish appear to me the most easily contented, and the

most philosophically and truly happy of any peasantry I have ever seen; faithful, generous, warm-hearted, fearless, and reckless: they smile in peace over a handful of bad potatoes, and devoutly thank the Providence who provides it. Oh! what have politicians to answer for who try to teach these people that they are unhappy! I verily believe that there is not a peasant in Tipperary who has not a lighter heart and a clearer conscience than half the legislators of St. Stephen's. To use the words of Lady Chatterton, "I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way; the more we see of the world the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness: that it springs entirely from the mind the Irish are living and laughing proofs[1]."

The fine range of Galtees forms the horizon on the left, the Knockmildown chain on the right, and as I approached Cahir, a rich and highly cultivated valley opened before me, lying along the base of the Knockmildowns, and stretching towards Clonmel. In England you meet with few more cultivated scenes than this; it is watered by the Suir, and is exceedingly productive. A considerable part of this fine tract belongs, as I was told, to Lord Glengall, and is let to the actual occupier, at the high rent of 35*s*. to 40*s*. per Irish acre: I say *actual occupier*, because this enormous rent does not go into the pocket of the freeholder; the rent received by his lordship being much less.

Cahir is an interesting little town, situated on the Suir: here I observed a well-fruited orchard, and several very good gardens, in which I was particularly struck with the beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, more particularly hydrangeas, fuchsias, myrtles, and laurels; the walls, especially of the castle, Lord Glengall's residence, are covered with *Polypodium vulgare*, occasionally mixed with *Asplenium Ruta-muraria*, *Asp. Trichomanes* and *Asp. Adiantum-nigrum*. The castle is kept in good repair, but is not a remarkably ornamental building. Cahir is the site of one of Inglis's pleasantest *contes*; having to pass a Sunday there, he attended the catholic chapel: a priest was stationed at the door, armed with a collecting box and a shillelah, and whoever attempted to pass without contributing to the former, was presented gratuitously with a taste of the latter; deeply moved with piety, Inglis gave a halfpenny to an old lady who was linger-

[1] 'Rambles in the South of Ireland,' vol. i. p. 12.

ing without the door, and was amply repaid for his generosity, by seeing her enter the portal with an unbroken sconce. In Cahir are lots of spirit-shops, and, consequently, of beggars. I had been strolling about the town and neighbourhood for an hour, when I drew near the office, waiting the arrival of Bianconi. I found various expectants, hoping to profit by the same event, issuing one by one from the grog-shops. A shrivelled old woman, in a box like a dog-kennel on wheels, was pushed to the exact place where the car was to draw up: this was a most productive contrivance, especially when backed by the old lady's ejaculation:—"Och! yer honour, I've been in this dirty hole fourteen years come the blessed St. Patrick! the Lord be praised!"

I proceeded by Bianconi to Clonmel, through a rich flattish country, finely wooded, where there were little hills; the land is highly cultivated and very productive. Clonmel is pleasantly situated on the Suir, and is surrounded by gentlemen's seats, in beautifully wooded demesnes. The country continues rich and well cultivated to Carrick-on-Suir; the hills continue to be luxuriantly wooded, and the river, which runs near the road, is very picturesque; the stone walls are but few, and English-looking hedges tolerably abundant. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley, promised well. Carrick is an old town, with abundance of spirit stores, whence issued a swarm of beggars. Four miles from Carrick is Pilltown, a most delightful village: nearly all the cottages are of the neatest possible description, and half hidden by wreaths of clematis, roses, myrtles, and fuchsias. The timber is also very fine, the gardens brilliant with flowers, and the crops of corn in the neighbourhood, clean, even, and most abundant. I have seen no village in England superior in neatness or beauty to Pilltown. I saw a field of oats cut, and in sheaves, not a usual mode of husbandry in England: the wheat was apparently ready for the sickle.

From Pilltown to Waterford the country is highly cultivated, very English looking, and very beautiful; the hills are wooded, and the approach to the city of Waterford, over the wooden bridge, is very picturesque. Between Clonmel and Waterford I observed the following ferns:—*Lomaria spicant*, *Pteris aquilina*, *Polypodium vulgare*, *Polystichum aculeatum*, *Lastræa Filix-mas*, *Las. dilatata*, *Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Asp. Trichomanes*, *Asp. Ruta-muraria*, *Scolopendrium vulgare*, *Ceterach officinarum*, and *Osmunda regalis*; the last-named species had been

gradually getting more rare after leaving the boggy districts, and was now but seldom seen.

Waterford is a one-sided place, having its principal street (called the quay), situated at the very outside of the town; this quay is fine, nearly a mile in length, and crowded with shipping; the river Suir is here really noble, and capable, at high water, of floating ships of any burthen. Almost immediately below the town, the Suir is joined by the Barrow, a still more noble and beautiful stream, and in my estimation, one of the finest rivers in the kingdom. From Waterford I re-crossed the long wooden bridge, and proceeding towards Ross found the country poor, and although generally cultivated, producing but meagre crops, and those principally potatoes. There was nothing in Ireland struck me as more requiring reform than the mode of cultivating potatoes. In London, every one expects to see a good potato on his table, as a matter of course. I never recollect seeing at a Londoner's table, a dish either of half-boiled potatoes, or watery potatoes, or waxy potatoes, or potatoes full of bruises and sore places: such things can be obtained in London, of a certainty, but never at the table of a Londoner. (I will just observe, *par parenthèse*, that every vegetable is better in London than in any part of the United Kingdom.) Now, in Ireland, there appears to be no care taken, when setting a crop, that all the seed be of one variety. The earliest and latest sorts very commonly occur in the same row; and I have often seen on the same dish, some potatoes green and watery, some waxy, and some beautifully floury. The season for each would have come round in its turn, but the Irishman knows but one season for setting potatoes, and one for getting them in. I remarked that the only criterion by which an Irishman judges of the value of his potato crop, is the vigour of the haulm, and *this* every horticulturist in England would consider most fallacious; for it is well known that the portions above and below ground often increase or decrease, in an inverse ratio. A second fault is the carelessness with which they are harvested; throughout the West and South of Ireland, at the inns, you will constantly see halves and fractional parts of potatoes, which almost every one rejects, and which are, therefore, wasted. At Ross I made many enquiries about the price of potatoes, seeing that root was so staple an article of agriculture. I found the *then* price was $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per stone of 14lbs., that they had been as low as $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, and this only a short time previously; but owing to the failure in the west,

a very considerable export of potatoes from Ross to Clifden, Galway, Tralee, &c., had taken place; and this diminution of supply had raised the price: at Tralee, the price of potatoes was 6½*d.*, at Galway, 7*d.*, and at Clifden 7½*d.* per stone, when I was at those towns; this is an unusually high price, and does not correspond with the price of labour, 6*d.* or at most 8*d.* per day. I hope my readers, if by good fortune I obtain any, will not grumble at this dissertation on potatoes: if they do, I can make no apology for its introduction; for I conceive a true lover of his race, and to such I address myself, cannot consider the welfare of the Irish peasant a subject beneath his notice; and I believe the introduction of a dozen good productive varieties of the potato would be a blessing to Ireland, far less equivocal than the political nostrums so frequently proposed.

At Clonroche, on the road between Ross and Enniscorthy, I was struck by the preparations making by the tenants of Lord Carew, to give him a public dinner. A tent of enormous size had been erected, and the expense defrayed by rather more than three hundred tenants: I enquired whether this was a return for any particularly popular act on the part of his lordship, but found that it was simply a testimony of respect and esteem.

In the journey from Waterford to Enniscorthy I saw none but the commoner ferns, *Polystichum aculeatum* becoming more abundant, and *Osmunda regalis* more rare. Enniscorthy is an old and large town, built on the side of a hill, and by every approach you enter it through a long line of very humble, and not particularly clean cottages; all the good buildings being in the centre of the town, and reminding one of Palmyra and the cities of the East, as seen by us through the optics of Silk Buckingham, whom, if my memory serves me aright, I have heard eulogizing the mode of confining the palaces, &c., to the centre of bustle, dust, and smoke. The castle in the middle of the town, now occupied by the Protestant curate, is a striking building. I mounted the celebrated Vinegar Hill, an eminence close to the town, whence an agreeable view of the surrounding country is obtained: the hills on every side rise with gentle slopes, and are prettily wooded. Vinegar Hill appears to be composed of granite; the summit is bare, with the exception of large patches of *Sedum Anglicum*. The country round Enniscorthy is generally hilly, the land apparently poor, but invariably cultivated, although the crops were very indifferent. Stone walls

Mo. Bot. Garden,
1897.

are comparatively rare, and are replaced by furze-hedges; and I not unfrequently observed that furze had been sown in the interstices of the walls. These furze-hedges are in many places allowed to become wild and straggling; and not only is their appearance in this state very untidy, but their utility as fences, very questionable. Throughout the South of Ireland furze is grown in some abundance, as food for cattle: it is cut very frequently, and always while the shoots are young and tender; and is bruised previously to being given them. The river Slaney, which runs through the town, is a noble and navigable stream.

Leaving Enniscorthy I passed through Ferns, Gorey, Arklow, and Rathdrum, to Wicklow: there was little for the naturalist to observe, except the superabundance of furze hedges; and now, travelling by coach, I was compelled to take such roads as coaches could travel, and thus I missed the vale of Ovoca, and must trust to the song, that

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet:"

for the wooden bridge at Ovoca, and divers minor bridges, had been swept away by the flood of the 30th of July, and there was no longer any coach-road through "the sweet vale of Ovoca." The road from Wicklow to Newtown-Mount-Kennedy is pretty; from Newtown-Mount-Kennedy to Bray it is fine. This latter passes through the Glen of the Downs; steep and beautiful hills are piled up almost perpendicularly on each side of you; and the Glen, which pretty much consists of the demesne of Mrs. Latouche, is completely wooded with majestic evergreens; such *Arbutus*, *Quercus sempervirens*, and laurel, are not to be seen in England;—the laurels are magnificent.

From Bray to Luggelaw on Lough Tay, is a wild walk through some fine Wicklow scenery. Lough Tay is a sweet place; there is such a bold bluff, such a tumultuous multitude of rocks stretching out into the lake, that I gazed on the scene with nearly as much delight as on any that the island had before afforded. Lough Dan, a few miles further, is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful, but its beauty is less bold, its grandeur is not sublime. I found on the banks of Lough Dan, *Lomaria spicant*, *Pteris aquilina*, *Polypodium vulgare*, *Polystichum aculeatum*, *Lastræa Filix-mas*, *Las. dilatata*, *Las. Oreopteris*, *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, *Aspl. Ruta-*

muraria, *Aspl. Trichomanes*, *Scolopendrium vulgare*, *Osmunda regalis*, *Isoetes lacustris*, and *Littorella lacustris*.

Near the little village of Roundwood I saw, in a bog, a profusion of *Pinguicula Lusitanica*, *Malaxis paludosa*, and *Narthecium ossifragum*; the latter plant, and *Anagallis tenella*, are most abundant on nearly all the Irish bogs. From Roundwood, I bent my course to the Seven Churches of Glendalough, a place which, if one might enjoy it alone, is well worthy of an hour's contemplation; but alas! it is so infested with guides, that one is driven half wild with the clamour. I here had two companions, and I think about forty guides followed us with unremitting assiduity; at last we escaped them and looked back on the stately round tower of Glendalough, fringed at half its height with a belt of *Parietaria*: on the walls of the churches and ruins I observed the three common species of *Asplenium*, also *Scolopendrium vulgare*, and *Ceterach officinarum*, and one roof was half covered with *Mentha rotundifolia*. In the lake we found *Lobelia Dortmanna*, *Littorella lacustris*, and *Isoetes lacustris*; then, turning away from its margin, we made for the waterfall; and here, as I was scrambling over the slippery rocks in search of *Hymenophyllum*, I lost my footing, and fell plump into the stream; but luckily, making the descent legs first, I kept myself upright, and affectionately embracing a projecting rock, I maintained my position in spite of the power of the river, and joined heartily in the laugh of one of my companions. This district is full of ferns and mosses; *Las. Oreopteris*, generally so rare in Ireland, here occurs in boundless profusion; and the varieties of *Las. dilatata*, whether flat, convex, or concave, seem absolutely endless: from every crevice in the rocky hills which surround that picturesque lake, this fern may be seen waving its bright green fronds. Here and there, as we proceeded, a huge mass of *Polypodium vulgare*, perhaps the growth of centuries, was sending forth its thousand fronds; but everywhere, heath, and fern, and moss, and rock, and trickling streams of water, were so mingled with the forestry moored in the crevices, that it was a scene goodly to look on and delightful to scramble over. Afterwards the hill became bare, and a little track of steps worn or cut in the rocks, showed that human beings went further down towards the water. It was very steep and we descended in single file: presently our leader disappeared; he had entered that strange cavity in the rock called St. Kevin's bed; I followed, and our companion followed me.

It is a strange excavation, and its romantic situation, the difficulty of access to it, and the little probability of a visit, point it out as a likely residence for such an ascetic as St. Kevin. We read the autographs of Scott, Moore, and others of the wise, and some of the noble, who had ventured into this strange place, and had written their names against the wall; and there we sat, huddled together, gazing out upon

> "That lake whose gloomy shore,
> Skylark never warbled o'er."

Who is there that knows not the story of St. Kevin and the sweet Cathleen! How that Kevin was possessed of that rare and godlike beauty which ladies fondly gaze on, and sculptors strive in vain to imitate; how that he was pious as well as beautiful; how that the fair Cathleen was of illustrious descent, and was possessed of rich domains; how that she heard of Kevin's piety, and applying to him for ghostly counsel, fell in love with him; how that Kevin, to avoid temptation, abandoned the grand scenery of Lough Tay, on the banks of which he had fixed as the site of an abbey he was about to build, and settled down at Glendalough, thinking that there, at least, he should find a refuge from the heavenly blue of Cathleen's eyes; how that the loving and faithful fair one followed him to Glendalough, again presented herself before him, and drove him, in despair, to seek a refuge from her eyes in the perpendicular face of the huge and bleak Lugduff; how that Cathleen, led by Kevin's favourite dog, clambered along the face of the cliff, and found the saint in what he deemed his inaccessible retreat;—

> "On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
> Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
> Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
> Woman's smiles can haunt him there:
> But nor heaven, nor earth is free,
> From woman's power if fond she be;
> Even now while calm he sleeps,
> Cathleen o'er him leans and weeps;"

how that Kevin, when he woke, gave her one rude push, and hurled her into the deep and dark cold waters of Lough Glendalough! Once, and once only, Cathleen's head appeared above the wave, the palms of her hands pressed together as in prayer; her face wearing the sweet expression of resignation and forgiveness.

The cave is apparently artificial; it is hollowed in the ace of the mountain, at a place where it appears all but perpendicular; but by a circuitous route from the water, it is less difficult of access than from the land. The depth, from the excavation to the water, is about thirty feet: the excavation itself is so small, that you can scarcely sit erect in it, and it was with difficulty that three of us could crowd ourselves in at the same time.

Like many *sainted* localities in Ireland, St. Kevin's bed is supposed to possess remarkable and supernatural virtues.—It ensures a family to ladies who love their lords; and ladies so loving their lords, and already in that state which is considered desirable, may, by a single visit, ensure the birth of a *son* or *daughter* as they please. In full and perfect reliance on these wondrous properties, many ladies encounter and surmount the dangers attendant on the exploit. Accidents seldom happen, and the guides assert, that since the fate of Cathleen, at which period St. Kevin prayed that none might ever find a grave in the gloomy waters of Glendalough, no mortal has perished there. That this assertion is incorrect, is shown by the following sad tale extracted from Cæsar Otway's 'Guide to the County of Wicklow.' A lovely young woman not a year married, and pregnant with her first child, visited these remnants of antiquity, accompanied by her mother, sister and the female guide; after performing the usual rounds about the churches, she was led by her mother to the *bed*, and although she and her sister expressed strong repugnance to the duty, the guide urged them to go on, and actually pushed them forward to the enterprise. Though midsummer, the day, as frequently happens in these mountains, was dark and blowing; stormy clouds enveloped Lugduff, and the waves of the wind-lashed lake sent their spray even up to the bed, and from the cliffs and fissures, wailing sounds of grief and agony were heard. On such a day there could be no approach to the bed by water, and they were compelled to take the path overhead, unsheltered, steep, and slippery; just as they gained the point of the path over the bed, a gust from the mountain swept against them: the elder sister lost her footing: with a shriek she went down, dragging her sister after her into the depths of the lake; for a moment they rose, and their white garments were seen mixing with the foam, and then sunk for ever.

CHAP. VI.

Dublin.

WHENEVER I find myself in a city of which I know nothing, and wish to know something, I contrive to ascend the highest building that is easy of access, and to take a bird's eye view of the whole. By adopting this plan, one obtains a ready, though perhaps somewhat superficial knowledge of the more prominent objects, and becomes acquainted, not merely with their general form and appearance, but also with their relative situation. From St. Kevin's bed I will therefore convey my reader to the top of "Four Courts," in the city of Dublin. How I passed over the intervening space is of no moment. The building erected for the Courts of Law, and known as the "Four Courts," is a noble pile: in the centre is a large hall, surmounted by a plain semicircular dome, which has neither cupola, weathercock, nor other ornament. I stood on the very summit of this dome, folded my arms, and gazed on the capital of Ireland. I knew Dublin well enough as I supposed, but it was that knowledge we obtain of the creations of a dream: no object was defined; fancy, like a fog, had magnified while it half obscured, things of which the names alone were familiar: now all was distinct: all was real. That formal canal, with its straight banks neatly walled with stone, like the quays of a dock, was the Liffy: that field, with the little obelisk, was the Phœnix Park: that column just peering over the roof of the Post Office, was Nelson's monument: that elegant building rising from the water's edge, was the Custom House: there, side by side, were the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College: that dingy spire was St. Patrick's: that shapeless house at the foot of the spire was the Castle, the seat of a vice-regal government: lastly, that mass of houses, among which these and a few more objects were conspicuous, was Dublin, the second city in the empire.

Familiar to me as were all these names, I was wonderfully ignorant of the things themselves. The diminutive size of the city, the insignificance of the river, with seven or eight streets running across it so very unceremoniously, and the

unmeaning look of St. Patrick's, gave me a feeling of disappointment: I contrasted these with the sea of houses, the multitude of spires in London; with the broad Thames, and the majestic St. Paul's. It may truly be said that I need not institute these comparisons, but who can stay a fortnight in Dublin, and not find these comparisons forced upon him? It is impossible to stay one day in Dublin, nay, it is impossible to travel through the remotest town of the island, without having the praises of Dublin perpetually poured into your ear; and now I gazed on that city—all its wonders were before me; and Dublin is a pleasant city, a most agreeable city; it bears no similarity to the steady-going, grave-looking cities of England. It seems to enjoy a perpetual holiday: everybody is spending money, and nobody seems to be getting it. The streets are crowded with jaunting cars, the footways with gay, butterfly-looking pedestrians. The truth is, that the passing enjoyments of life are much more easily attained in Ireland than with us. Horses and carriages are untaxed, and servants' wages very low; so that an equipage scarcely costs half what it would in England: provisions, too, are most abundant and cheap, and whiskey is used almost universally instead of wine, and certainly at a tenth of the cost.

The public offices and institutions of Dublin struck me very forcibly as fine in design and architecture, but without business. The Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament House, is a superb building: there is an elegance in the design that cannot fail to strike a stranger with admiration. I know of no English building but would suffer by a comparison with it, except that vast and truly regal pile, Greenwich Hospital. There is, however, a want of symmetry, that rather offends a critical eye: the columns placed at the *quondam* entrance of the House of Lords, are of the Corinthian order of architecture, fluted, and highly ornamented; whereas the others are Ionic, and perfectly plain. The interior of the building is highly and beautifully finished; the moment a stranger enters, he is accosted by one or two liveried attendants, anxious to explain to him the various offices, and receive the customary tribute. The chamber formerly occupied by the Lords, is now the board-room of the Directors, and that occupied by the Commons is the cash-office. In the House of Lords are two tapestry pictures, representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry: they appear in good preservation. In one of the rooms is a mo-

del of the building, showing a perfect uniformity of design, all the pillars being of the Ionic order, proving this to have been the artist's intention. I scarcely saw any one in the building except visitors like myself, conducted by liveried showmen, but I am told considerable business is transacted here.

Trinity College is a plain, unpretending building; the dining-room, chapel and examination hall present nothing remarkable to the visitor; the library, however, is a noble room; the shelves containing the books are arranged back to back, forming projections into the room which alternate with the windows, as in some of our English libraries: at the extremity of each projection is a pedestal, bearing a marble bust of some distinguished author. I have seldom, if ever, seen a room that struck me as altogether so attractive as this: the very atmosphere seemed so learned, the recesses so well lighted, yet so perfectly isolated, and the design so perfect: everything tending to a general harmonious effect. Some repairs were going on, and visitors were strictly excluded. My companion and I ran up stairs, pushing the watchful Cerberus gently on one side! I think I shall never forget the expression of his face. Finding his authoritative manner of no use, he assumed one of the most earnest entreaty, and prayed us not to go on; finding this of no avail, and that the door of the library was already opened, he emphatically called out "Oh! gintlemen, tell the —— I would'nt let you in."

From Trinity College I went to the College of Surgeons: the collection here is very interesting; the comparative anatomy department is not extensive, but the skeletons appeared to me remarkably good. There is a skeleton of the fossil elk which is nearly perfect, and the few deficiencies that exist have been supplied, so that the appearance is that of a perfect skeleton. The collection of malformations and morbid anatomy contains a variety of strange infant monstrosities; the wax models are extremely faithful, and beautifully executed.

At the Dublin Society's Museum, in Kildare Street, is a second skeleton of the fossil elk, also nearly perfect, together with a great many detached horns or fragments of horns, bones, &c., also bones, though few in number, of pigs and oxen; the former, and some of the latter, presenting no character to distinguish them from existing species; but Mr. Ball thinks that among the remains of oxen, he has discovered those of a species hitherto undescribed. In this museum is also one of the skeletons of the celebrated race-horse Eclipse, and his

galloping structure was carefully pointed out to me. My esteemed friend Bracy Clark, possesses one of the best authenticated skeletons of this remarkable horse, and very obligingly exhibits it to all enquirers. I am never sceptical on such interesting points as these, and only recommend the possessors to avoid, if possible, the unlucky chance that befell a pair of Cromwell's sculls—two undeniably genuine ones, being, as I have heard, offered for sale in one catalogue. An interesting object in this museum, is an entire human body found in the bog; it is apparently of great antiquity: the height must be full six feet. When found, the flesh was soft, and the bones pliable. The body is clothed in skins having the hair on, and sewed together in the rudest manner. In this institution there appear to be many unemployed hands; I could have wished to see them occupied in dusting, cleaning, or doing something. The collections, as far as I saw them, appeared very meagre.

The Botanic Gardens at Dublin occupied a good deal of my time most agreeably. I presume it is generally known that there are two Botanic Gardens, one belonging to the University, the other to the Dublin Society. The University, or College Botanic Garden, as it is more generally called, is a square level plot of ground to the south-east of the city. It contains a great variety of plants, nearly the whole of them named, and is kept with great attention to order and neatness: the establishment reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Mackay, the curator. I was unfortunate in visiting Dublin during Mr. Mackay's late visit to the continent, and was consequently deprived of the pleasure and instruction which I must have received from his conversation; but I cannot help mentioning the kind and polite attention which I received from Mr. Bain, Mr. Mackay's assistant. In the stove plants the collection is poor, and the exotic ferns struck me as very deficient; the collection of British ferns is nearly perfect, *Trichomanes speciosum* and the Irish *Polystichum Lonchitis* were growing in great perfection, but the former required the protection of glass to ensure a constantly humid atmosphere. I was very much pleased with the heaths, all the British species were growing with vigour, and Mr. Bain took great pains to point out to me the distinguishing characters of *Erica Mackaiana*, which, however, do not appear to me to be sufficient to separate it as a species from *E. Tetralix*. I have before mentioned my belief that the so-called *E. Mediterranea*, which I found so abundantly in Coraan Achill, will eventually prove to be

distinct from the *E. Mediterranea* of the South of Europe.

The Dublin Society's Botanic Garden is situated north of the city, and possesses a variety and irregularity of surface which is highly advantageous, and contains noble trees, and a running stream, which add much to the general effect. There is also a good deal of taste displayed in the laying out of the garden, but the grass, as everywhere in Ireland, is kept very carelessly : what we term a grass-plot or lawn, appears unknown, or nearly so. The grass in gardens and ornamental grounds is cut, perhaps, twice or three times a year, and made into hay on the spot, an operation which often occupies weeks, during which time the garden is in a perpetual state of untidyness. The general appearance of the Glasnevin garden implies great care and attention on the part of Mr. Moore, the curator, whose acquirements as a scientific botanist are well known and duly appreciated in this country, and whose kindness and attention to myself I shall long remember. Taken as a whole, the collection of stove plants is deficient, although a few of the specimens are very fine. The palm-house contains some few palms, but all of small size; there are, however, two fine plants of *Musa*, one of them, *Musa sapientum*, is the largest specimen I have ever seen. The exotic ferns are very few in number. The indigenous are a fine collection, although not arranged quite so accessibly as I should like them. And here I cannot avoid noticing the pernicious and almost universal habit of introducing exotic roots of those species supposed to be British, in cases where really British specimens are difficult to be obtained; thus beautiful and luxuriant plants of foreign species, and even genera, frequently represent the rare and local *Woodsia Ilvensis;* and this observation does not apply to the Glasnevin garden in particular, for I really forget whether it contains a representation of *Woodsia*, but to Botanic gardens generally; and the practice is the more to be lamented, because our botanists are too apt to resort to the ready method of obtaining *garden* specimens for their *herbaria*. In the number of plants representing *Woodsia Ilvensis*, kindly transtransmitted me while engaged on the 'British Ferns,' a few only belonged to European genera, and a very small number to the European species, which has been found in Scotland and Wales. The specimens of *Polystichum Lonchitis*, at Glasnevin, originally found on Ben Bulben, are extremely fine, vigorous, strong, erect and bristly, and remarkably distinct from the divided forms of *P. aculeatum*. Mr. Moore

told me that he considers no British fern as more perfectly distinct than this: the back is more or less covered with chaffy scales, and the masses of seed are not confined to the apical *pinnæ*, although most abundant on these.

Adjoining the Glasnevin garden is the Roman Catholic cemetery, a large plot of ground, abounding in monumental buildings, trees, and flowers; a large inner square was really blazing with the brilliant hues of poppies and other showy flowers now in the zenith of their glory. It was, indeed, a city of the dead, but the Irish seem to consider even death worthy of a holiday garb. This cemetery is celebrated as the nearest approach we possess in this kingdom to the beautiful *Père la Chaise*, but I have wandered for hours in both, and I confess I can discover but little similarity between them: if the Dublin cemetery be the nearest approach we possess to the Parisian, it is *proximus, sed longo intervallo.*

Having so good an opportunity, I did not omit to enquire of the Dublin botanists the real history and identity of the shamrock, a subject on which I felt a good deal of interest; and I found that the general opinion of those capable of forming a correct one, perfectly coincided with my own, that the shamrock is identical with the white or Dutch clover, *Trifolium repens* of botanists.

Much has been written about old Erin's native shamrock, with the view of robbing this plant of the glory which has been assigned to it. By a reference to a paper of Mr. Bicheno's, read before the Linnean Society on the 16th of March, 1830, it will be seen that learned botanist contends that the original shamrock was the *Oxalis Acetosella*, or wood sorrel; and it would be very difficult to prove this not to have been the case, for the shamrock boasts an existence so long anterior to the establishment of technical names and precise characters, that if it can be gathered from the then descriptions, that the plant possessed a leaf divided into three parts, it is quite as much as we can expect. It appears to me neither conclusive nor remarkable, that the old herbalists, as asserted by Mr. Bicheno, should have given the name *shamrock*, or *sham-rog* to the wood sorrel, because it is well known to linguists, and was known to Mr. Bicheno, that in the Irish and Gaelic language, the name of *sham-rog* is given indifferently to every trefoil. As regards the general usage of the present day, the name of *shamrock* is applied indifferently to all trefoils; and if the lady botanists of Ireland instruct a stranger as to what particular plant is "the real, the

native shamrock," they will invariably select the smaller leaves of the *Trifolium repens*. On St. Patrick's day the Irish are not very fastidious in their selection of a leaf wherewith to decorate their hats, but make use of the first bit of green that comes in their way. I had not, however, the good luck to witness this in Ireland, as St. Patrick's day is confined to the 17th March. I believe I omitted to note *en passant*, the extreme luxuriance with which *Cotyledon Umbilicus* grows in many parts of Ireland, particularly on the houses near Oughterard, Galway, and other places in that vicinity. I have often seen the spike two feet, and sometimes approaching three feet in length, and the flowers not uncommonly one hundred and upwards in number. The plant grows mostly on the roofs of the cottages, and has a handsome and striking appearance, very different from that it usually wears in the English counties; seeing the plant in Dublin, though of comparatively humble growth, I am reminded of my omission.

In this place I will also mention the *carigeen*, or Irish moss: it is a species of *Algæ*, known among botanists by the technical term of *Chondrus crispus*. On the coast of Clare this plant is most abundant, and was formerly a source of considerable income to the poor people by whom it was collected; it is carefully washed, and then bleached and dried by exposure to the sun. When perfectly dried, it has been sold as high as 3*s*. per pound, but owing to the enormous quantity that has been collected, the price has been reduced to little more than 1*d*. per pound. It is commonly sold in the shops in London, to be used instead of isinglass, in jellies, blancmange, &c. In a growing state it is so various in size, form, and colour, that no less than ten of the varieties are described as species. Many other species of this tribe of plants are collected for food, and among them the *dulse*, *dulsh*, or *dulish*, *Rhodomenia palmata* of botanists, is in great request; it is said to possess the property of preventing hunger. This plant is particularly abundant on the coast of Antrim, near Ballycastle, where great quantities of it are gathered by women, and eaten in a fresh state. On several occasions I ate a good quantity of it, and found it perfectly innoxious, but of its merits as a nutritious or agreeable diet, I can say but little. Its use as an article of food is not confined to the Irish alone: I found it in great request on the west coast of Scotland, and we learn from Hooker's English Flora,' that "it is the *Saccharine fucus*, or *Sol* of the Icelanders, the efflorescence of which has a sweetish and not

disagreeable taste. It is dried by the natives, packed down in casks, and used as occasion requires, frequently cooked with butter." Hooker further asserts that cattle, and sheep in particular, eat this species with eagerness, whence it has been called *Fucus ovinus*. Lightfoot has remarked that the Scotch dry and roll up the fronds of this plant, and chew it in the same manner as tobacco.

The Custom-house of Dublin is a noble and elegant pile of building, but it makes one quite melancholy to wander through its deserted rooms. I am no political partisan, and intend nothing more by this comment than to record a fact that came under my notice; and when I speak of the custom-house of Dublin as having deserted rooms, I know not which political party will be gratified, and which annoyed, by the observation. The same remark applies to the docks: they contain three basins, all of moderate size: in these three basins sixteen vessels only were floating; viz. two barks, four schooners, four brigs, and six small sloop-rigged craft, not exceeding 30 tons burthen. Perhaps the greater convenience and less expense of lying in the river, may in some degree account for this, for I observed that below Carlisle Bridge the quays were crowded with craft. After leaving the custom-house, I crossed Sackville Street on my way to the Richmond School of Medicine, and House of Industry. I was not, on the whole, as delighted with this far-famed street as I expected: it is certainly very wide; from Carlisle Bridge to Nelson's Monument, it is perfectly straight; and it contains some very smart-looking shops; but more praise than this we must not assign it. There is a great and striking irregularity in the buildings; *here* will be seen a huge massive white front, glittering and variegated with gold and green, between two dingy brick houses that reach scarcely above the windows of its first story, thus looking like a white giant between two black dwarfs; *there* will be a series of houses, with their roofs one under the other, like a flight of steps; their fronts various in hue as the rainbow.

The House of Industry is an immense establishment. I heard that it contained as many as 3,000 inmates; but I think there were scarcely so many at the time of my visit. The proportion of lunatics, especially lunatic females, is very great; I saw at least 200 of them, perfectly without restraint, but unemployed, in a large square gravelled enclosure: they were accompanied by several matrons, who continued walking about among them, but whose authority I did not once see

exercised. Several of the lunatics came up to the medical gentleman who accompanied me, and spoke to him in an earnest and serious manner. Close to this building is the Whitworth Fever Hospital, with its small but neat medico-botanical garden. From this I went on to the Richmond School of Medicine. In the museum of this institution, the specimens and preparations are few in number, but in good preservation, and some of them, particularly a series illustrating the nervous system in the lower animals, highly interesting. The dissecting room contained but a solitary student: here, as in England, there is considerable difficulty in obtaining subjects. In the Richmond Hospital the wards were full; the beds, bedclothes, and floors exhibited none of that neatness and cleanliness which is so characteristic of the London hospitals, where everything seems so comfortable, that in the majority of cases, the condition of the patient is infinitely preferable to what he could command at home. The museum, theatre for operations, and lecture-room are well constructed and lighted, and very commodious. The museum contains on the first circle, casts of malformations, and on the second and third circles, examples of morbid anatomy, some of them very beautifully prepared.

The Old Man's Hospital is an establishment somewhat on the plan of Chelsea Hospital, for the reception of aged and infirm soldiers: the present number of inmates is only 129, although the building appears capable of accommodating ten times that number. There are attached to the establishment, a commanding officer, several subs, a surgeon, and three episcopalian clergymen; the form of the building is a quadrangle, with an open square in the centre, a considerable portion of one side is occupied by the hall, a long and lofty room, adorned with full length portraits of the founder, Charles II. of William III., and a variety of other benefactors. Below these sombre-looking gentlemen, the walls are decorated with fire-arms. From this building, crossing the water by King's Bridge, you arrive at the barracks, which are very capacious, and, I believe, pretty generally well filled. Dublin seems to abound in soldiers, and a review in Phœnix Park is pretty nearly an every day amusement. I contented myself with witnessing one exhibition of this kind, and on the same day visited the Zoological Society's Garden. The garden itself is prettily laid out; but the collection of animals is a very meagre one.

The catholic chapels in Dublin are numerous, and some

of them very large. I attended the Metropolitan and St. Andrew's during the performance of high mass. Notwithstanding the immense size of these fine buildings, they were crowded to excess; and at the Metropolitan, hundreds were devoutly kneeling on the bare stones outside. Here, as on the continent, it is impossible for a protestant to enter a catholic chapel, without being struck by the intense devotion exhibited by the congregation; there is none of that indifference, carelessness, and levity, which seems so common in other places of worship, whatever the denomination.

Besides the public buildings and institutions I have mentioned, there are many other places in Dublin well worthy a visit; for instance, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the interior of which, however, owes its chief interest to the celebrated dean; Guinness's brewery, a fine establishment; the Post Office in Sackville Street, a plain, substantial edifice, the interior well arranged for business; Nelson's monument; the Dublin and Kingstown railway, which takes a fine sweep round the Bay of Dublin, commanding a beautiful view of the harbour, Hill of Howth, &c.; the railway itself has little to recommend it, being apparently much out of repair: the noise and jarring of the carriages are very disagreeable; and the pace at which they travel, not more than ten miles an hour; at least this was the average of four trips which I minuted.

The vicinity of Dublin is very beautiful: some of the residences, a short distance from the city, are remarkably striking; not only from situation, but from their lovely accompaniment of wood and water. The "Little Dargle" is one of the sweetest places I have ever seen; it occupies the steep side of a hill, from which the rocky soil juts out into picturesque little headlands, interspersed with brawling, sparkling torrents: these are often hidden for a hundred yards by dense masses of laurel, growing in wild luxuriance, and throwing immense branches of every fantastic form, far over water-worn chasms, wherein the streams meander in darkness. The ground beneath the evergreens is covered with moss and ferns; among the latter the much divided, or angular forms of *Polystichum aculeatum* are the most abundant, waving their light and feathery fronds with every breath of air. I remarked that even the youngest plants, those which were totally without fructification, wore the same appearance and character, weak, delicate, and drooping, which so particularly distinguish this beautiful variety. That exquisitely graceful variety of *Lastræa dilatata*, peculiar to the Irish waterfalls,

added yet another ornament to this lovely spot. In returning to Dublin, the road is so bordered by fine trees, in the park-like grounds attached to the residences of the gentry, that I scarcely saw anything beyond.

But it is time these notes were drawing to a close. That they may afford some passing pleasure to those who, like myself, love nature for her own sake, who drink at her fountain, the purest, the freshest of all our sources of knowledge, is all that I desire, and surely no more than I may reasonably expect. By such as these, although unassuming the record, and often unimportant the facts, they will not be perused either with disapprobation or contempt. Be this however as it may, to the writer they will ever be agreeable, as calling to his mind, did he stand in need of such a remembrancer, the happy hours he spent and the kind hearts he encountered in that land where to be a stranger is the most efficient of all introductions. My recollections of Ireland must ever be among the most agreeable of my life.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd!
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

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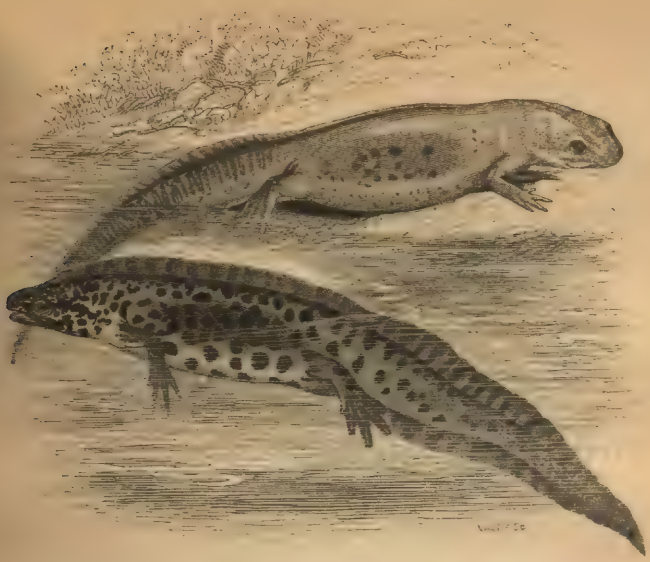

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APPENDIX.

SINCE the foregoing pages were printed, the following letter has been addressed by the Rev. E. Nangle to E. Charlesworth, Esq., Editor of the 'Magazine of Natural History.'

Missionary Settlement,
Achill Island, April 8, 1840.

SIR,

I am indebted to the kindness of some anonymous correspondent, for the following extract from an article entitled 'Notes on Irish Natural History,' which appeared in the 36th number of your Magazine; and as it contains what seems to me very uncandid misrepresentations of the character of the establishment which is entrusted to my superintendence, I trust your sense of justice will induce you to publish this letter, supplying the *facts*, which the writer of the article to which I have alluded has thought fit to suppress.

The objectionable passage to which my attention has been directed, is as follows:—

"The natives of Achill are charged with being thieves and murderers; and if I were to place full reliance on all I heard at the Settlement, they would appear to be so. Mr. Long, however, with every thing constantly exposed (walls and hedges being here unknown), and living amongst a population from whom he has no power to defend himself, has never lost even a potato. I allude not to this politically, but bearing in mind solely the natural history of the island, and its capability of improvement, I pronounce, without hesitation, that if goodness of soil, lowness of rent, cheapness of labour, and safety of property be recommendations, then that no spot I have ever seen, is more likely to reward the emigrant than the island of Achill. Would that some unpolitical and unsectarian philanthropists, men who took a human view of the human wants and human failings of these poor islanders, would settle among them, and place in their hands the plough and the spade, teach the children to read and write, the boys to make shoes and coats, to fish, and to dig, and rake, and sow, and reap, and build houses; and the girls to knit and spin, and make gowns; use them like brothers and sisters and children, then might this island become a centre of happiness and prosperity."

I am sure, Sir, that candour will constrain you to admit, that any person forming a judgment of our proceedings from the statements contained in the above extract, would conclude that we took no care whatever to promote the temporal interests of our poor neighbours, or the general improvement of the island.

This is a most unfair and ungenerous misrepresentation. We are at considerable cost and much labour, "teaching the children to read and write," "the boys to make shoes and coats, to build houses;" "the girls to knit and make gowns, &c.," and the men to adopt an improved system of agriculture. But, Sir, as I wish to give you proof, and not assertion, let me call your attention to the following extracts from the authorized report of the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Lords, which sat on the Irish Education System, in

1837. The first witness, from whose evidence I make the following brief extract, is J. Dombrain, Esq., Inspector-General of Coast-guard in Ireland.

"Were you ever in the Island of Achill officially?
Several times.
In the course of the last two years?
I was there last summer and the year before.
Did you visit the Protestant settlement there?
I did.
In what state did you find it; was it in a state different from the rest of the island, or like the rest of the island?
Very different from the rest of the island.
Was it in a state inferior or superior?
Very superior.
In what respect?
Generally superior in respect of industry and cultivation; it had superior buildings, and everything that would stamp an appearance of civilization in a very remote district.
As far, therefore, as appeared to you, it would be a great blessing to the island, if the example so set could be followed through that island?
Decidedly."

Such, Sir, was the sworn testimony of Mr. Dombrain.—Not less decisive is the evidence of another witness, Francis Reynolds, Esq., chief officer of coast-guard, who was examined before the same Committee.

"How long have you been in Achill?
I have been in Achill this last time six years.
Had you ever been there before?
I had, for three years.
What interval was there between the two times of residence?
About three years.
You were, therefore, there when Mr. Nangle came in 1834?
I was.
Did you see any improvement produced in the island?
I did; I saw great improvement in the cultivation of the land, and also in having schools for the instruction of the children.
Did the people testify any feeling toward Mr. Nangle at that time?
They always appeared to me at the time to be very fond of Mr. Nangle, and to like him very much.
When were the first indications of a different feeling towards Mr. Nangle?
When the priest gave orders to shout after the protestants whenever they saw them."

This evidence needs no comment, it convicts the writer in your Magazine of what, in the judgment of every honourable man, is equivalent to falsehood, a deceptious suppressing of truth.

The allusion to Mr. Long, in the article which has called forth these remarks, induces me to believe that it was written by an English tourist, who paid a hasty visit to this island last summer. I think his name was Newman. I accompanied that gentleman and the Rev.

William Prior Moore, Head Master of the College of Cavan, who was then at the Settlement, to Mr. Long's, and I shall now detail the *whole* of the conversation, from which the writer in your Magazine has selected so much as suited his purpose.

As we walked across the mountain, I remarked, that a system of petty thieving prevailed generally in Ireland, to an extent which operated as a check on the expenditure of capital for the improvement of the country; and I attributed the prevalence of this evil to the Romish doctrine, which teaches that a sum, amounting to some shillings, may be stolen from a gentleman without the guilt of mortal sin.

When we arrived at Mr. Long's, the English tourist asked him whether he had suffered much from petty depredation. He replied in the negative. I remarked that that could readily be accounted for, as he lived in the centre of a large tract of land, where there was not a single human habitation within a mile of him. To this Mr. Long assented, at the same time remarking, that he was further secured against depredation, by there being no thoroughfare through the valley in which his house was situated; but, added Mr. Long, notwithstanding these peculiar securities, *I have a man summoned at this moment, for cutting my grass.* Here the conversation ended: Mrs. Long then came into the room, and without knowing the subject of our previous conversation, she began to speak about the coast-guards in the next village, saying that they complained sadly that they could not have a garden, *for such a system of thieving prevailed in the village, that their neighbours would not leave them so much as a cabbage.* I immediately told our English tourist to note that. It seems, however, that my admonition was unheeded; this *unsectarian* and *unpolitical* gentleman, in the plenitude of his liberality, was determined to shut his eyes and close his ears against every *fact* which did not square with his preconceived theory.

Permit me further to remark, that if the writer of the article in your Magazine means to say that I described the Achill islanders as sinners above the rest of their countrymen, he grievously misrepresents my sentiments. I believe that all men, whether they be Papists or nominal Protestants, if unconverted and unregenerated, are alike sinners before God. Without at all infringing on this truth, I admit that some men are naturally more gentle and tractable as regards their intercourse with their fellow-men, than others; and I have always given the Achill people credit for a large share of this animal amiability; indeed, I never experienced anything but kindness from them, until their passions were kindled by the inflammatory harangues of their priests; since then we have lived in an element of violence and outrage, *many of us have suffered personal violence, and one has been murdered.* I allude to Mr. Reynolds, whose testimony I have quoted in a former part of this letter. We, however, do not repine. I trust we can say of our persecutors, in the forgiving spirit of our blessed Master, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In conclusion, the writer in your Magazine expresses a wish that some *unsectarian* and unpolitical philanthropists would settle in this dreary island. The former epithet, if I mistake not, is intended to

designate an individual who views Christianity through such a mist of uncertainty and doubt, that its peculiar doctrines seem to him not worthy of being contended for. Such persons, like the writer in your Magazine, be[1] very profuse in a sentimental philanthropy which expends itself in benevolent wishes; but I ask the writer to point to a single country which has been reclaimed from the uncultivated wastes of heathenism by persons of such a stamp. The work of evangelization and civilization which is now going forward in Greenland and Labrador, in the islands of the Great Pacific, in Burmah and Southern Africa, has received its impulse from men of another character,—men who had learned to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord, and whose love constrained them to the patient endurance of obloquy and persecution. While engaged in the noble work of raising their fellow-men to their true position on the scale of being, as creatures destined for immortality, and illustrating in the civilization and temporal improvement which marked the progress of their holy enterprize, the truth of the Scripture which declares that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

The establishment entrusted to my superintendence being dependant for support upon the voluntary contributions of the christian public, I trust that a sense of justice will constrain you to publish this reply to the misrepresentations put forth by the writer in your Magazine, which, if uncontradicted, might tend materially to diminish its claims upon their benevolent assistance.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

EDWARD NANGLE.

P.S.—I cannot refrain from remarking that the writer who makes your Magazine the medium of his attack upon our proceedings, manifests profound ignorance even on the subject about which he professes more immediately to write. I allude to his mention of "*goodness of soil*" among the natural advantages of Achill. There are indeed some spots in the valleys of a second-rate quality of soil, these spots are however few and far between. The island generally is moor and bog, which can be made to produce the necessaries of life with much expense and labour. To talk in a general way, as the writer in question does, of the goodness of the soil of Achill, must excite the laughter of any man possessing the least practical acquaintance with agriculture.

[1] Thus in Mr. Nangle's M.S.

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